THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MRS. SHERIDAN.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

The Biography of Mrs. SHERIDAN *is necessarily deferred till our next Number.*

ON DELICACY AND CAPTIOUSNESS.

HOW different are *delicacy* and *captiousness!* and yet how often are they confounded by ourselves, and others! He who is offended at the omission of what he had no right to expect, and he who feels the minutest neglect of what he ought to receive, will certainly consider their sensations as the effect of the same principle: yet it is manifest that the two principles which really produce them, differ in the same degree as right and wrong: but they who *offend*, will, perhaps, as often confound captiousness and delicacy, as they that *are offended:* for as they always suppose their own conduct to be *right*, it will necessarily follow, that they will impute to the delicate man, who justly resents it as *wrong*, the touchiness of the captious man, who condemns it *without reason*. Thus then will these two things be continually called the same; yet see how

different they are in their natures: *delicacy*, which, by an exquisite sense, feels that a certain refinement is *due* to itself from others, is not only urged by that very sense to *bestow* it more freely upon them, but is also guarded against *requiring* more than is its due: *captiousness*, which, on the contrary, does *require* a concession from others of more than is its *due*, is by that very principle prompted to *give* them less than is theirs. *Delicacy* never is deceived by mere appearances of offence; nay, it allows for the ignorance, deficiency and mistakes of other mens' minds: *captiousness* resents improprieties which are, perhaps, altogether ideal, and which, supposing them to exist, are measured not by reason, but pride. *Delicacy* finds its resource in itself for real injuries; *captiousness* is wounded by imaginary ones. *Delicacy* is sensible, and exalted; *captiousness*, foolish, and mean.

A.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXV.

MADELINE's letter drew from me some observations in my last paper, which I hope will be useful to many whose hearts are still free from the influence of love; and in regard to those who have the misfortune to be similarly circumstanced, I do not know, upon an impartial review of what I then advanced, that it was in my power to employ more effectual or prudential advice. As courtship and matrimony, however, are the two most important situations in which a female can be placed, I mean to devote this paper to the consideration of some errors in respect to the former state, which I have the sorrow to say, are frequently committed, and, in general, bring with them shame, repentance, and remorse.

No sooner is a young lady emancipated from the controul of a governess, or is introduced into company by

by her relations, than she expects to receive the respectful homage of the other sex. If she possesses personal charms, or has any prospects of enjoying a fortune, it is not long before her ears are assailed by flattery, and her heart perverted from its duty. Those who feel a real interest in her welfare, and to the strong ties of affection, superadd the obligations of a parent or guardian, are considered as troublesome monitors, when they wish to caution; and as hostile to her happiness, when they attempt to restrain. The adulation to which she is now accustomed, she receives as a legitimate compliment to her beauty and her worth; and she suspects neither deceit nor danger in listening to every coxcomb who studies to be voluble in her praise. By fairer opportunities, or more assiduous attention, some person among her male acquaintance, perhaps, makes an impression on her youthful heart; and when love once aids the delusions of vanity, the case becomes desperate indeed. If the object of her regard should happen to be viewed with an unfavourable eye by her connections, and at the same time should be equally artful and unprincipled, unless she possesses a great share of prudence, as well as a strong sense of duty, she will be involved in a private correspondence, and in all the labyrinths of intrigue, from which few can escape with innocence and impunity. Her best friends, the very parents that gave her birth, and whose anxious solicitude for her welfare deprives them of rest, are set down for her worst enemies; and she receives a guilty pleasure from eluding their vigilance, and thwarting their benevolent designs. Her interviews become stolen; her letters are secreted from the eye of faithful observation; and her motions and her sentiments are solely confided to some person as weak and wicked as herself. Her real or pretended lover sees the influence he has acquired, and he uses it just according as his principles may direct him. If he is sincere, and virtuously disposed, perhaps he may take no criminal advantage of the weakness he has dis-

covered: if he is false and immoral, I leave my readers to judge what must be the consequences of a young inexperienced female committing herself in this manner, in open violation of her duty, or in defiance of that authority which she is bound to honour and respect. In fact, it ought to be impressed on the mind of the fair sex, "that no man can safely be trusted who affects secrecy, or who encourages artifice." That person will never be faithful in love, who pays no regard to duty; and little dependance ought to be placed on the professions of him, who will not avow his partiality in public as well as in private. Parents are often thought harsh, when they are only prudent. I have known their hearts overflowing with love, when their tongues were prompted to speak bitter things. In every important concern, (and none can be more so than courtship,) a child ought to consult them in the first instance; and if their opinions cannot always produce conviction, they should, at least, be treated with deference, and be ascribed to their true motive—the only one that can actuate the parental bosom,—a fond anxiety for the welfare of its offspring. What pangs, then, must the defection of a daughter from her duty occasion! And how much must this be aggravated, if she has been the means of drawing in a brother or a sister, as a partner in her folly or her disobedience!

Yet it is nothing unusual for a young lady, who has once forgot what she owes to her parents and herself, by engaging in a private correspondence, to win over one of her own family as her confidante and adviser; and surely, if any thing can aggravate her offence, or give additional bitterness to the heart of a parent, it is this. For her own conduct, as far as personally concerned, some excuse may be found in the blindness of passion, and the errors of inexperience; but nothing can extenuate her guilt in seducing others from their duty, and thus infusing a double portion of gall into the cup which the authors of her being are

obliged to drink. As for a brother or sister, indeed, who will become accessary to her imprudence or dishonour; who, from the frigid love of promoting intrigue, will conceal her assignations, or facilitate her correspondence; no language can reach the infamy of their principles. Did not experience convince us that there are such unnatural and undutiful children, it might be supposed that characters of this description were wholly ideal. Alas! they are real; and instances have frequently fallen under my notice, in which a brother has connived at a sister's disgrace; or one sister, by acting the part of a confidante towards another, has entailed misery on a whole family. From numerous examples which might be held up as a warning to those who have not yet taken a false step, I select one: out of delicacy, I disguise the names; but the facts are unaltered.

MUSILLA had been brought up under the immediate superintendence of a prudent and affectionate widowed mother till she was fourteen years of age. At this period, in conformity to custom, it was judged advisable to send her for a short time to a boarding school of high reputation. It was some weeks before she could think of any thing but her home, and of the dear connections she had left behind; but example and encouragement gradually weaned her from this amiable weakness; and before she was sixteen, when she was recalled into the bosom of her family, she had acquired a *fashionable* and *well-bred* indifference in regard to every person, farther than they were judged necessary to promote her pleasure, and to humour her disposition for coquetry.

Soon after her leaving school, she accidentally fell into company with a young officer, who, with the gallantry natural to his profession, paid her many extravagant compliments, and requested her address. Proud to have gained a lover, and yet ashamed to have it known by her mother, she was imperceptibly inveigled into a correspondence; and before she well

knew that she had a heart to love, professed unalterable regard for a man whom she had only met a few times, and who had never avowed his attachment to any person who ought to have been consulted on the occasion. Musilla's mother, however, suspecting, from a variety of circumstances, that some secret correspondence was carrying on, mildly hinted her fears; and adjured her daughter, by every thing that was dear or sacred, to make no concealments from a parent, who would be happy to embrace every possible occasion of promoting her felicity. Musilla's conscience smote her; but having inadvertently plunged into error, she refused the helping hand that would have extricated her: she absolutely denied the accusation with a degree of warmth that evinced guilt rather than innocence; but the affection of the mother blinded her, and she set her earnestness down as a proof of wounded feelings from false imputation.

The unfortunate victim, however, of error and folly, found it necessary, from this time, to act with caution. Her Lothario was well qualified, by a life of intrigue, to teach her new modes of lulling vigilance, and at the same time to satisfy her that it was best to conceal their mutual sentiments, lest his relations should forbid the connection. Love is easily induced to believe what it wishes: Musilla, fearful of losing her lover, practised every art of deception, and doubting the fidelity of her Abigail, had even the address to engage a brother of eighteen years of age in assisting to carry on the intrigue. Lothario was perfectly acquainted with the most effectual means of binding a weak young man to his interest. He introduced the brother of Musilla to a demirep of his acquaintance, under the specious title of his sister; and, to make short, conducted his manœuvres with so much detestable ability and success, that he prevailed on Musilla to withdraw privately from the house of her mother, and to trust to his protection; while, with the malignity of a demon, he drew in her brother to marry his

his mistress; thus completing the ruin of the whole family; and, after his passions were sufficiently gratified, deserting them, under the heavy pressure of complicated distress.

Had the unhappy Musilla made a confidante of her mother in the first instance, this catastrophe might have been avoided: but women are seldom able to rectify their mistakes, and to retrace their devious steps; and therefore they should maturely weigh the consequence of every action, and constantly take prudence for their guide.

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

MADAM,

FINDING myself unable adequately to express my gratitude to you for your kindness towards me, I shall, on the present occasion, content myself by assuring you, that I can never forget it, or cease to consider myself highly favored by your regard. I rely on your goodness, to pardon the trouble I am about to give you; but justice to my Henry, as well as myself, compels me to answer yours addressed to me through the medium of the Museum.

Had I ever entertained a reasonable doubt of the sincerity of my dear Henry's affections, I should not have addressed you; but have endeavoured to banish him from my remembrance for ever. I know his principles well, *they are exalted far above deceit.* I believe him to be as incapable of insincerity, as the frail nature of mankind will allow. You well describe, Madam, his *real* character, when you say, he seems to possess an honest pride, delicate feelings, and a sense of moral rectitude. You speak of my Henry's regard as *mistaken*, though delicate; by this am I to understand, you should approve our union though fortune be adverse? And I would beg leave to ask,

do you think *I* could, consistently with duty, unite myself to him, when the moment that union takes place, he is to be discarded for ever by his relatives? Upon the most diligent examination of my own heart, I am convinced, the relinquishing the object of my affections, *would prove a struggle most violent:* but whether time, absence, and the apparent impossibility of a union between us, might not soften the wound, is what I cannot divine. The views and designs of my lover, I am convinced, *are honorable.* And I may venture to aver, *he would not relinquish me, to marry the most beautiful or exalted of my sex,* if we had any prospect of happier days. But allow me to observe, Madam, you appear (from the incoherence probably of my last) to have mistaken my question, which is, *Would it be a matter really right, or not, or rather, does it appear to be our duty, to resign each other?* It is—heart-rending consideration! my dear Henry's intention, if, under all the circumstances of our case, it appears necessary that we should part, to leave this country for ever, and seek an asylum in some distant clime. This thought has really *overpowered my languid frame—and I can no more.*

Before I conclude this, however, I should be wanting in every respect I owe you, if I did not assure you how much I feel obliged by your kindness; and if my weak powers could express how my heart beats with gratitude to you, most willingly would I exercise my best talents in your service. But feeling my abilities altogether unequal to the task, I must close by apologizing for the trouble I have given you, and by begging you to believe I am, very sincerely,

Your obliged

Devonshire. MADELINE.

ON CHARITY.

To each his suff'rings: all are men
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender, for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling, for his own.
GRAY.

ON MONDAY last—says one of the public papers—on Monday last the Honourable Peter Puff, with his usual unbounded liberality, subscribed the sum of ten pounds to a public charity. And yesterday afternoon—says Philander—I gave a halfpenny to a poor woman I met in a lane. Now the question is—whether the act of the honourable gentleman, or that of my friend Philander, is most entitled to the name of charity.

God only knows his real motives, said Philander, modestly attempting to decline the subject—God only is acquainted with our hearts.

I think—said I, squeezing his hand—I think, God is well acquainted with thine.

Indeed (said he) I am not overburdened with money—but had I the wealth of some men, my name, like theirs, might be enroll'd in the book of benefactions.

Thy name (said I) will be enroll'd elsewhere—A better book is reserv'd for the name of Philander. I'll tell thee what, my friend—the man that does an act of charity, be it ever so small, if it comes from a good heart, needs not a newspaper to record it.

And where were you last night, Philander? said I.

At the card-table, said he.

At the card-table! Philander at the card-table! and what did you learn there?

I learn'd (said he) the game of *speculation:* for I can derive pleasure from the same means that others reap misery.

And how do you do that, Philander?

Why, (said he,) about the end of the evening, when the tables were broke up, I observed a fellow with a doleful

doleful face—he seem'd truly unhappy—and the dismal horror of remorse sat on his brow: he had lost.

If thou had'st dropped it privately into a hospital-box, said I, thy face would have been brighter—and his heart lighter too.

I saw another in all the agitation of joy: he had won. But really I could not envy him—he had purchased his pleasure by the pain of his companion. For my part, I had won a few shillings—but I could not feel pleased: for, all the while, during the game, I could not forbear thinking, that but a small portion of the money, that we were winning and losing to no purpose—might wipe the tear of sorrow from the face of some poor wretch, at that moment perishing in misery. I hate card-tables—for I think time might be employ'd to a much better and happier end. But there are many fashionable foibles, we are obliged in some measure to submit to.

But, Philander, (said I,) you have not told me of this happiness you obtain'd.

Oh, no!—Bless me!—I had almost forgot that. Why, I gave a poor person the few shillings I won—that's all. I would tell you more, but—you may try the experiment yourself; for to describe the sensations we feel in doing a good action, diminishes the flame of joy that glows in our own bosom, without communicating it to that of another.

Reader, I am an odd sort of a fellow—I seldom think as other people do—but, indeed, something strongly prompts me to agree with my friend Philander. I hope thou art of our opinion—that a little given with good-will, is better than a great deal given without it. A sweet violet in a shady lane, is far more pleasing than an artificial one in a china flower-pot. But, pshaw!—that smells too much of the study—I hate making themes. Let me ask thee a simple question—

Hast thou not, in an evening ride or walk, dropped a halfpenny into the hat of some bald-headed son of sorrow? I will suppose thou hast. Did'st thou observe

serve his eye, how it thanked thee? Did'st thou feel —aye—I would tell thee, if I could. Did not the face of nature look more cheerful? did not the soft glow of evening seem more lovely? Ye sons of Opulence, let your mighty treasures purchase fame—make ostentation the minister of charity—the end at least is good: but he that has a soul, can, with a Birmingham halfpenny, secure more satisfactory pleasure, than all the wealth of Peru can ever purchase.

Of all the virtues that ennoble man, charity is, I think, the most god-like: it is the peculiar characteristic of the Christian;—and the surest indication of good-will. It is a virtue that every one may, in some degree, put in practice; for œconomy is no excuse for the neglect of it, as it is inseparable from prudence: for prudence without charity freezes into avarice, and charity without prudence waxes into excess.

"God bless your honour"—said a poor fellow the other night, as I was walking with Miso—"bestow a trifle on a wretched fellow-creature."

I never give to beggars, (said Miso, with an imperious voice, and a look that would have disgraced an Hottentot)—I never give to beggars; there are so many impostors.

What then, (said I,) because some are vile enough to defraud under the mask of misery, real distress is to be disregarded, on the bare supposition that it is assumed! It is surely better to give to an impostor, than to let real wretchedness go unrelieved: the intent is at least charitable. Oh, Miso—if thou can'st not pity distress—do not unfeelingly insult it.

But, according to your rule, Miso, virtue is to be neglected, because it is often the mask of vice; and friendship to be slighted, because it is oft the clothing of hypocrisy! Oh, Miso—I had rather be deceived by a false friend, than treat a real one with contempt.

I gave the poor fellow a penny.—I wish (said I) I could afford thee more.

Generous

Generous soul! (said Miso, with a sarcastic sneer;) if every one was to be as careless of their money as you, begging would be a profitable trade; yet one would think the smallness of your income would be some check on your generosity—and charity would hardly be expected from one of *your* fortune.

That, Miso, is an illiberal remark, and seems the suggestion of a little soul. Among all the stores of literary knowledge with which your head is replete Miso, there is yet a book you seem to be but little acquainted with. Of all things, I detest religious enthusiasm—but something compels me to say, that I think learning without religion is but an empty acquisition—a mere meteor, "that leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind." The book I speak of, Miso, will give thee a most elegant, though simple, lesson on the three grand virtues which animate the world; and it will tell thee that the greatest of these three is—

Oh, d—n you, (said he,) now you are beginning to preach—I think it is time I should be off.—I think so too, said I.

Fair readers—that have had patience so far to peruse this tedious tale—let your hearts suggest what cannot be written. Think, now, in this wintry season, while, for you, the blushing goblets sparkle with wine—while the fire burns briskly on your chearful hearth—while every pleasure smiles around—think at this moment

> "how many drink the cup
> Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
> Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
> How many sink into the sordid hut
> Of cheerless Poverty."

Believe me, fair readers, the tear of sympathy that sparkles on the cheek of charity, shines with far greater lustre than Bochara's richest jewels—it is a gem that God himself beholds with admiration.

Ch. Ch. Oxford.
Dec. 8th, 1803. MUSIPHILUS.

THE POST OFFICE SPY.

PACKET IX.

Mrs. Wentworth to Mrs. Henderson.

My dear Niece,

UNDERSTANDING, from Sophia Crosby, that you have written to invite her to pass a few months with you in town, I cannot miss the opportunity of giving you a little advice on the subject, as well as illustrating it by some anecdotes concerning myself. Young married women should have no friendships. You may condemn this assertion as unjust and absurd; experience proves to the contrary. A woman who loves her husband, can require no other particular society. Real tenderness must be restrained by having a constant eye witness; and the restraint will soon become so habitual, as to sink into indifference. You will ask, if you are to be *everlastingly* at your husband's elbow; see no one else; speak to no one else; fondle him incessantly? By no means; such conduct would soon disgust him: but there is always a medium between extremes. In his absence you have always domestic occupations to engage and amuse you, in which you require no assistance, but that of your servants; and I would advise you to transact all such affairs in the house when his business engages him, and cautiously avoid being busy, bustling, or out of sorts, at his return. Nothing wearies a man so much as the parade of notability; nor disgusts him more than slatternness, whether occasioned by doing *too much*, or *too little*. In this place, then, you see you have no occasion for a companion; and you may be assured, that, without keeping set company, the occasional calls of his friends, or your own, will always relieve you from solitude: if not, your time may be passed without *ennui*, in a variety of useful and amusing employments. It is in your power to prevent Mr. Henderson being tired of your company

by studying his taste, and diverting him accordingly. You both love music, reading, a game at backgammon. What then can you want to fill up your time? A friend! Romantic girl! you will ever want one. Let me now point out the inconveniences attending the possession of what you call such.

Mr. Henderson married you after a very short courtship. Many are of opinion, that a long love-story seldom ends in marriage; I think so too; but I am persuaded that when it does, it is generally a happy one. You know little of his disposition; but you like each other: it is what the world calls a love match. No doubt, you have both faults, which each may excuse in the other: but when a third person is introduced, adieu to all such toleration. If your friend is more amiable than you are, you place yourself as a foil: your honor may be secure, but you suffer by the comparison; and without any mean jealousy, can a wife be happy, while a husband has always a superior in merit and accomplishments before his eyes? If she is worthless, your principles may suffer: she may seduce the affections of the man you love, exaggerate his faults, expose your errors, and make you mutually dissatisfied with each other. Besides, my dear, in points of moral delicacy, married and single women should not associate together: I could produce more reasons than the limits of a letter would permit against it. One observation, by appealing to your pride, will serve. Why do you seek another companion; are you tired of your husband? "No; but I love him so well, that I wish to keep him at home, by having agreeable company. Or, if he must be out, I want some one to keep me from being dull." Will not a book, a new lesson, or some light fancy-work, effect the latter purpose? and for the former, would you owe your husband's company to the attractions of a friend? Ah, Maria, you know you would not. It is not necessary that a woman should renounce her young friends when she marries, but familiar confidence should cease. It

is dangerous, not to say improper; for it seldom happens in such cases, but the friend and husband are both lost. I married Mr. Wentworth in my nineteenth year; I had never been from the bosom of my family, and dreaded the idea of going to live alone with a man. Wentworth was every way accomplished, and elegant: I had a tolerable person, good fortune, was genteel, and was of a gentle, timid temper: his attentions awakened my affection, and I became his wife. Seeing my timidity, my father proposed that I should have Emma Waller for a companion for a short time after my marriage. Wentworth readily assented, and I was delighted. Emma, my dearest friend, was dazzling in every thing, beautiful, witty, gay; in every talent she excelled me. Mr. Wentworth was always at home; his tenderness to me redoubled: I was the happiest of women. He pointed out to me Emma's various excellencies; he dwelt continually on her charming vivacity. I strove to equal her, but always fell short. He used to praise my singing; but Emma's voice was much more melodious and powerful; and at length, my fruitless exertions to please made me discontented. Wentworth then frequently told me he had been deceived in my temper. When my particular situation confined me at home, rather than weary my husband, I made Emma accompany him abroad. She always returned with a sweet tale, how pensive Wentworth seemed when away from me; and, in fact, she so artlessly kept alive my affection, that I was, as well as herself, deceived. My husband was called into the country on business. Emma had lost her playful companion, and one day left me to visit her family. In her absence a letter came for her. It was directed in a woman's hand; and as we had always established the foolish custom of opening each other's letters, I made no scruple of unsealing this. Judge my surprise, when I read what follows:

"Dearest Emma,

"I can no longer conceal my fatal passion. I find it impossible to behold your charms and accomplish-

ments with indifference; and I must either fly you, or act dishonorably. In vain you affect to misunderstand the cause of my melancholy, or strive to point out to me the excellencies of my wife. Alas! she has power to charm no longer. Emma, my fate is in your hands. If you meet my passion with reciprocal regard, let us be happy; if not, according to the prejudiced opinions of the world, at least, according to the dictates of our own hearts.—But I rave; Emma is virtuous, and her virtue has banished me. Act, therefore, beloved girl, as your own sense dictates, and I will bow in submission, though peace can never more bless the bosom of your devoted

"E. WENTWORTH."

A momentary determination to try the fidelity of my friend, gave me strength of mind to support this shock; and I resealed the letter, and delivered it to Emma when she returned. I saw her countenance change as she perused it, and at length she burst into tears. I begged to know the cause. She hastily crumpled the letter up in her hand; begged my pardon for keeping one secret from me; and said she was sorry to add, that a particular circumstance, with which I might at some future period be acquainted, obliged her to return directly to her family. I affected surprize, and solicited her to stay till Wentworth returned; but she declared her departure must be immediately. Charmed with her conduct, I threw my arms round her neck, and acknowledged that I knew all. We mingled our tears together; and she entreated me, for my own sake, to keep my discovery a secret from Wentworth. This, though a difficult task, I promised, and performed. Wentworth at first seemed to miss her society much, was pensive, sometimes petulant; but ever kept his temper within proper bounds. At length he confessed to me, in an hour of unusual kindness, his error. He was astonished to find I was not ignorant of it; extolled Emma's behaviour; and assured

sured me, that mine also merited his fullest confidence. From that hour our happiness recommenced: though, I must confess, that, at times, it was obscured by recollections of the past. Wentworth, however, treated me with respect and kindness; and as the mother of his children, I maintained my situation with credit. But you see, my dear girl, had either my husband or friend been less amiable, misery must have been the portion of us all. Thus it is that female friendships are dangerous after marriage; independant of the little aggravating taunts which one is forced to hear; such as,—"If I had a husband who did so"—"If your husband loved you, he would not refuse you such a trifle."—"When I am married, I will act so and so."—These observations, though insignificant in themselves, are often the ground-work of much domestic uneasiness. Therefore believe me, it is the best policy in a married woman, to make friend, confident, and companion, of her husband only.

Yours, truly and affectionately,
JANE WENTWORTH.

To the EDITOR, *from* KITTY PRY.

Oh! Sir! Sir! Sir! *November* 1.

I am in such trouble on your account, that I know not what to do, or where to fly. My guardian has discovered the whole of my correspondence with you, and is so enraged, that he threatens to turn me out of doors. He says and swears that he will go round to all the gentlefolks whose letters I have opened, and get them to send me to prison. Well, Sir, I fell upon my knees, and told how my maid had persuaded me to it; upon which she told a thousand spiteful things of me; and this comes of making free with servants. To be sure, I have done very wrong; very wrong, indeed; and here I publicly beg pardon of all those whose letters I have exposed. But, dear Sir, do you stand my friend. Indeed I meant rather good than

harm; and I trust you will plead in my defence; and do, Sir, think to point out to my guardian, how cruelly he has treated me, in keeping me without society, and without education. By associating with an ignorant servant, I have lost every advantage, and been led to do that which has forfeited his favor. Too much severity is often attended with consequences as bad as too much indulgence; and it is not enough that a parent should debar us from all dangerous acquaintance, they should also take pains to secure for us such as may improve us, and lead to our respectability in life; as young people naturally seek connections with the young and agreeable, and, by their example, too frequently form their own characters. But to you, Sir, I leave my vindication: you will, I am satisfied, do me justice, and represent things more judiciously than I can. Therefore, again entreating your indulgence, I subscribe myself, in great trouble,

Your humble servant,

KATHARINE PRY.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No. I.

NO man lives too long, who lives to do with spirit, and suffer with resignation, what Providence pleases to command or inflict.

The tenor of a virtuous life carries with it more authority and conviction than the most solemn oath.

Mistaken or misapplied virtues, if they are not as pernicious as vice, frustrate at least their own natural tendencies, and disappoint the purposes of the Great Giver.

Where virtue is wanting, it is in vain to look for happiness.

It is never too late to think of the improvement of the faculties.

Truth

Truth is of more value than popularity; integrity, than preferment; an everlasting recompence, than the comforts of this life, equally transient and unsubstantial.

Intellectual acquirements are only valuable as they promote and recommend religion, virtue, and amiable manners: and, in competition with pure and benevolent affections, knowledge is but conspicuous dishonour.

The man possessed of constancy and fortitude of mind, is prepared for every event, armed in all fortunes, foreseeing without fear, enjoying without satiety, and suffering without impatience.

EDWIN.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

I WOULD by no means have you think me one of those carping beings, who are continually descanting on the dress of the fair sex; more actuated by spleen, and a love of finding fault, than with a good-humoured wish to amuse and instruct; as if the ladies took so much pains in decorating their lovely persons, for no other purpose than to display themselves as subjects for ill-natured criticism. There has always appeared to me, a manifest ingratitude in this mode of proceeding. There can, I think, be no doubt as to the intent with which our fair countrywomen take so much pains in self-decoration; it is doubtless to obtain the admiration and regard of the other sex; (here methinks I see some of my pretty readers put up their lip;) yet, that this is the principal motive which influences both sexes in the decoration of their persons, it would, I think, be needless to endeavour to prove; it is what our own feelings will convince us is true.

This then, being allowed, I could never, I confess, applaud the motive which influences many of our severe declaimers against female dress. At least I think such declamation would come with a much better grace

grace from the aged and censorious of the fair sex, than from the young and gay of ours; since in them it is natural, and perhaps excusable, to find fault with what they can no longer enjoy themselves, and which in them has ceased to attract the admiration of others; whilst we may be said to be marking with our disapprobation, what was surely intended for our gratification and delight.

"Is't not as though this mouth should tear this hand
"For lifting food to't?

Or, as if, after being invited to a feast, where no pains or cost had been spared for our entertainment, we rewarded the hospitality of the generous donor, by holding it up to ridicule?

I would, therefore, have all strictures upon female dress made in the most gentle and admonitory manner possible: rather as criticising with affectionate regard, than sour severity; rather with gentle admonitions, than crabbed invectives.

To discuss the importance of dress, both as it regards our health, our commerce, and many other important points, would extend my subject far beyond my intended limits. The first and grand objects of dress, we are sure, were to cover nakedness, and afford warmth: this, perhaps, was all that was thought of by the ladies of those happy times,

"When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
"But free to follow Nature was the mode."

Though these objects have since been *improved* into all the elegancies and ornaments which Luxury and Fashion have introduced, yet I beg leave to remind my fair readers, that these objects should never be lost sight of. Any deviation from them, is like ornamenting and beautifying a building, at the expence of sapping the foundation. This is a caution given, I am sure, with a good intent, and which, in the present bleak season

season of the year, if not *mis-taken*, will not be *mis-timed*. I cannot help thinking, with regard to many of our fashionable female dresses, that there is not an equal distribution of warmth in the disposal of them. Often whilst following a fair pedestrian, I have involuntarily been sympathising in her feelings, on seeing the redness of her elbows, and the slightness of her cloathing; and have, on such occasions, felt an emotion something like self-reproach, at the thoughts of my enjoying the comfortable warmth of my great coat, whilst a fair lady was so exposed to the cold air. My attention has, however, been diverted from this, by beholding the immoderate load of fur which covered her shoulders, and which, by its apparent warmth, seemed to mock the redness of the elbows which blushed beneath it; quite uncovered, perhaps; or only protected from the inclemency of the season by the transparent covering of a lace glove.

This, Mr. Editor, cannot but be considered as a manifest want of that due proportion and fitness of things, which ought always to be preserved; and it is not easily, I think, to be accounted for, why the shoulders should be thus overburdened, and the elbows quite neglected. 'Tis true, indeed, that the shoulders have always been considered as best adapted for bearing burdens; yet this does not appear to relate to the present instance.

I have sometimes been led to think (did not the annual appearance of these furry phœnomena prove they are connected with the season) whether our ladies being induced to assume this disguise (for such I think it must be considered) was not with an intention of putting on something of an hostile appearance in these warlike times; and that, while our gentlemen were, agreeable to our immortal bard, "becoming lions in their fierce deportment," our ladies were, with equal promptitude, following so laudable an example; or borrowing, perhaps, the idea from Hercules, and other renowned warriors of old, who are depictured with a lion's

lion's skin thrown over their shoulders. That this bristling up the back is a familiar way of expressing anger and resentment, is demonstrable; and here will naturally occur the idea of cats, and other animals of the same species, who, it is well known, always assume this appearance when put upon their defence.

Though I would utterly disclaim all idea of invidious comparison, yet I have thought, that as things of much importance often owe their rise to the most trivial occurrences, whether seeing this might not first have suggested the idea to our ladies of adopting the same method; and by this means showing our insolent invaders, that they were not intending to be mere idle spectators.

Whether I am right in this conjecture, I must submit with all deference to the ladies themselves, who are most assuredly the best judges; only hoping they will believe, that what I have here said, or may in future say, and, indeed, all the solicitude I feel for them, "comes from my love."

Hoping, Mr. Editor, you will excuse my troubling you with these few remarks, and wishing all the success to your very entertaining Miscellany, which I do to every thing avowedly dedicated to the service and improvement of the ladies, I remain

Your constant reader,

And very humble servant,

December, 1803. HENRICUS.

ON GENEROSITY.

WHY is he who possesses generosity, *more* offended at the want of it in another, than he who does not possess generosity? Not from the advantage that might accrue to himself; for, from the very principles of his generosity, he wishes for any personal advantage *less*. The generous man, then, must wish others to act generously towards him for their own sakes, not his. A.

FROM THE PIC NIC.

[Lately published.]

OH, Mr. Pic Nic, was there ever such an unfortunate business as this? If ever I have any thing to do again with paintings, and washings, and cosmetics? But I am sure I am not to blame; for I'll swear I put in every thing that was set down in the printed book. You must know, Sir, I am own maid to the Dowager Lady Daub, and it is my place to fill up the wrinkles in her Ladyship's face as soon as they appear; and I am obliged to be on the alert, I assure you. In the discharge of this office, I have met with a terrible misfortune; but I told my Lady, and I tell you, and I will say it again and again, it is not my fault. She should have been more cautious; for, previous to this affair, she had an awkward mishap, which I must relate to you. She saw in the papers an advertisement for a *depilatory*, or some such name, to remove superfluous hairs. This she accordingly rubbed round her mouth, and it did remove the hairs, I must confess; but the deuce a bit would they stir without taking all the flesh with them. It affected her eyes too; and obliged her, for some sime, to use a black shade; which, with her large mouth, made her look for all the world like Harlequin in a pantomime.

Mayhap you may know my sister Sall, Lord Cram's cook. She applied some of this stuff to her arm, and the hairs did disappear for a time; but they soon grew again with a vengeance; and should you see her arm now, a bear's paw, or a blacking-brush, are white to it.

But, to return to my Lady; all this is nothing to what is ensuing, Mr. Pic Nic. You must know she had got hold of a book, called "Medea's Kettle; or, the Art of restoring decayed Beauty;" which contains a recipe for an infallible cosmetic to produce a most beautiful complexion. Well, this we mixed up, and I am sure we put every thing in, and exactly according

ing

ing to the directions. I spread it over her face when she went to bed. However, there must be a mistake somewhere; for, on hastening to see her in the morning, what do you think I beheld? Sir, her whole face was a bright garter blue! Only think how shocking—I thought I should have dropped.—I could not help laughing, neither; she looked so comical. As for my Lady, to be sure, she would have gone out of her wits, if I had not assured her, we should certainly be able to extract the colour with warm water. Warm water we tried; scalding water we tried; but my poor Lady's face remained just the same. We were now on the point of giving up any further attempts, when the laundry maid proposed trying some stuff; muriatic acid, I think, she called it; which she employed to take stains out of linen. This we accordingly did, and I do believe should have compleatly succeeded, but that the acid was yellowish, which, mixing with the blue, produced a delicate pea-green. This is my Lady's present colour, and here we stick. I never saw any thing like her, except the sign of the grasshopper, at the tea-shop in the city. We intend trying scalding water again, and you shall have an early account of the first boiling; but, in the mean time, for heaven's sake, do give us your advice and assistance. For my part, I am almost afraid of applying the hot water, lest we may only change her to some other colour, which I should be sorry to do, as I have rather a fancy for pea-green. This might certainly be the case. Lobsters and shrimps, you know, change colour when boiled, and so do lilac ribbands. This is an idea of my own.—But I hear my Lady's bell; and, as I cannot attend at present to any body in the world but her, I have only time to subscribe myself

Yours to command,

TABITHA TOILET.

THE CRUEL FATHER.

[Concluded from page 345, Vol. XI.]

ADOLPHUS, who was ignorant of what had passed between Mr. Middleton and his father, returned to his paternal dwelling at the accustomed hour, for the purpose of placing (which was his usual practice) the keys of the compting-house in Malvolio's room. Upon rapping at the door, it was opened by a servant, who had lived in the family of his mother, from the time of her being a child, and whom she had engaged in the capacity of footman when she was so unfortunate as to become a wife. Adolphus was in the act of entering, when Stephen placed himself before him with extended arms. "My dear young master, (said he, in faultering accents,) for God's sake take the council of an old man. Your father is enraged against you; therefore do not attempt seeing him until his anger subsides. Give me the keys of the compting-house, and tell me where I can call upon you to-morrow morning." The poor fellow uttered this speech with so much agitation, that Adolphus was aware some terrible fracas had occurred; and taking the keys out of his pocket, he was preparing to leave his father's mansion, when Stephen thrust a purse into his hand, and burst into a violent flood of tears. "I dare not offend you, Sir, (said he,) by begging your *acceptance* of that *trifle;* but, for *God's sake*, keep it only for *me* just a little time. I do not know in whose hands to place it; and mayhap, *trifle* as it is, it may be of some use to you! Oh, my poor dear, dear mistress! what a blessing it is that she is not alive!"

"Excellent fellow! (exclaimed Adolphus, catching the infection that streamed from his aged eyes,) I value this proof of your friendship and attachment more than it is in the power of language to describe; but I am not distressed for a few guineas; if I *was*, most

gratefully would I accept this boon." As Adolphus had promised to return again to Eliza, he determined not to acquaint her with what he had heard: but the next morning he received a visit from Mr. Middleton, who thought it necessary to acquaint him with all that had passed. Poverty he could have borne; distress he could *individually* have encountered; but when he reflected upon the distress which the object of his tenderness must sustain, *fortitude* yielded to the power of *affection*, and the feelings of the man were converted into those of the child. Roused into energy by the arguments of Mr. Middleton, he determined to write a conciliatory epistle to the author of his birth; and if this did not succeed, to endeavour to obtain employment in some of the families with whom his father did business, as a clerk. The letter, which was couched in terms to have softened an heart of adamant, was read without receiving any reply; and the inhuman Malvolio circulated amongst his acquaintance, the most cruel and unjust aspersions against his son; and actually declared that he had embezzled the property which had been committed to his trust.

The consequence of these reports was what Malvolio had expected; for no one would afford the object of his resentment employ; his society was shunned; and he was regarded as a monster who deserved to be driven from the haunts of mankind. In vain did the worthy Mr. Middleton endeavour to vindicate his character; no one believed it *possible* for a parent *unjustly* to condemn his child; and those fathers who were anxious to impress the practice of filial obedience, forbid their children from associating with such a pupil of vice. Those manners which had been admired for *gentleness* and *flexibility*, were now said to have been the result of *policy* and *deceit;* and his very *virtues* were converted into *vices;* so strong is the effect which prejudice produces in the mind.

After having unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain employment in England, from the desire of not being separated

separated from the wife whom he adored, Adolphus at length obtained one in the *West Indies*, through the interest of that friend who was well acquainted with his *worth*. With a heart torn by a variety of afflicting emotions, he took leave of Eliza and her lovely little boy, promising to send for them as soon as he was established, if the situation proved equal to what he had a right to expect. The anxieties he had encountered, and the distresses he had been involved in, not only depressed his spirits, but debilitated his frame; and scarcely had he taken possession of his new employment, when he was attacked by the fever incident to that clime. The art of medicine was in vain exerted to save him; his constitution was too much weakened to struggle against the disease; and the physicians informed him, that the only chance he had of recovery, was to return immediately to his native clime.

The unjust stigma which had been cast upon the character of Adolphus, seemed to extend even to his amiable wife; and amongst the number of her father's friends, only *one* seemed sensible of her merits, or paid the least attention either to her or her child. The sale of her father's furniture had procured a little ready money; but the greater part of this had been expended in procuring the necessary articles for her husband's new employ; and Eliza had no means of supporting her existence, but by procuring work from the shops. The greater part of the day was spent in the nursing her helpless infant; therefore evening was the only time she was able to work; and seldom did this amiable and industrious young woman retire to her bed before two o'clock. The anxieties of her mind, and the fatigues she encountered, soon produced a visible effect upon her health, and she was no longer able to make those exertions which were absolutely necessary for her support. The only friend who sympathized in her misfortunes, was, from the confinement of her own income, unable to render her essential relief; and her situation must have been deplorable, but

for the worthy Mr. Middleton, who, out of little more than a hundred a-year, allowed her half a guinea a week. The anxiety she felt at receiving no letters from Adolphus, may be imagined, but cannot easily be described; and her foreboding fears, too readily suggested, that he had fallen a victim to the unhealthiness of the clime. Brooding one evening over these melancholy reflections, and weeping over the babe whom she wished never had been born, she was roused from this train of miserable ideas by a violent knocking at the door. Her name was loudly vociferated by the person of whom she hired her apartment. Eliza's agitation was so violent, that she could not rise from her seat; and the sound of several footsteps on the stairs increased her emotion, and a universal tremor overspread her frame. The door was opened, and Adolphus entered, pale, trembling, emaciated, and supported between two men. "Merciful God! (she exclaimed,) do I behold my husband? Oh, my Adolphus, I could have borne any thing but this!"

"My Eliza! (said he, extending his arms towards her,) my loved, my adored, my unfortunate wife! Oh, how you are changed! I wanted not this affliction to complete the miseries and distresses of my life!" The humane companions of the wretched Adolphus mixed their tears with those of the ill-fated pair; and, after assisting the debilitated Eliza to undress her apparently dying husband, kindly went to Mr. Middleton to inform him he was arrived. On the wings of friendship that worthy man flew to the house of sorrow; but what an affecting scene presented itself to his eyes! The expiring Adolphus was supported by pillows, and by the side of him knelt his disconsolate wife. "My friend, my only friend! (said he, in scarcely articulate accents,) the Almighty in mercy has granted my prayer. I wished but to breathe out my soul in the arms of my Eliza; and to recommend *her*, and my *boy*, to your care!" "Talk not of *dying*, my dear honest fellow, (replied the agitated Middleton;) I hope you will

will live many, many years. You are fatigued with your *journey*. I will run for a doctor;" and at that moment he was hastening out of the room. "*Stop! Stop!* I conjure you, (exclaimed the unfortunate sufferer, in a more renovated tone of voice;) all assistance is vain. I feel myself going to that bourne from whence no traveller returns! My father! my inexorable father! will, perhaps, pardon my transgression, when he knows I can no longer offend. Will you, my friend, undertake to solicit his protection for my Eliza, and her unfortunate child?"

"I will undertake every thing, (rejoined the still more agitated Middleton,) if you will but suffer me instantly to procure you *advice*. You have *youth* on your side; much may be done for you." "Oh, fly, Mr. Middleton," exclaimed the hitherto silent wife. The worthy man did not require the request to be repeated, and returned with a physician in less than half an hour, who, the moment he felt the pulse of his patient, knew he had only a short time to live. The agonized Eliza watched his countenance with an anxiety which it would be difficult for language to describe, and too soon discovered the hopeless state of her husband, in the melancholy turn of his features, and the sympathizing tenderness of his eyes.

"We shall soon meet again, my Adolphus, (said she, tenderly embracing him,) where parental authority cannot extend! I feel, my beloved, that our separation will be transient; yet that unfortunate infant still endears me to life!" "Try to live for *his sake*, I implore you, my Eliza," replied the affectionate Adolphus, returning her embrace. Here his voice faultered; his breath became shorter; and, uttering a penetrating groan, he expired! "Has he left me? (exclaimed the frantic Eliza, grasping the lifeless body in her arms.) Oh, Adolphus! my beloved; death shall not part us! No, never; never shall you leave me again!" The physician endeavoured to disengage her arms from the body; but she grasped it with a

still firmer hold; and uttering a violent scream, fell into convulsions, when with the utmost exertion of strength, she was removed. One fit rapidly succeeded another, until at length nature seemed exhausted by fatigue; and the humane physician did not leave her until she had fallen into a quiet sleep.

The humane Mr. Middleton's heart had never encountered such a trial. He had always loved Adolphus with as much affection as if he had been his child. He had likewise known Eliza from a state of infancy, and was well acquainted with the exquisite sensibility of her mind. Though the person with whom she lodged was a very good kind of woman, yet she was a stranger to that soothing tenderness which gratifies the heart: he determined, therefore, to send to the only person who had consoled Eliza in her affliction, and who seemed to be truly sensible of her worth. Mrs. Herbert, which was this lady's name, instantly obeyed the summons; but what an affecting scene presented itself to her sight! In one room, she beheld the dead body of Adolphus; and in another, his apparently expiring wife! Eliza, it is true, was sleeping; yet she breathed with the utmost difficulty, and every feature in her beautiful countenance had undergone a change: entirely round, her mouth was disfigured by a black circle, and frequent groans testified the uneasy state of her mind. The little infant began to be uneasy for that sustenance which it would have been dangerous for him to have drawn: but the mistress of the house, at the same period, fortunately happened to be a nurse. Eliza continued in these uneasy slumbers for the space of seven hours, when springing upright in her bed, she terrified her attendants, by exclaiming, "Oh, my Adolphus, I come—I come!" Again the fits returned upon her, and with far greater violence than before, until nature was exhausted by the violence of exertion—and the hapless Eliza expired. Every effort that human skill could suggest was made use of; but the spotless spirit had taken its flight; the lifeless

lifeless body of Eliza was laid by that of her husband; and kneeling by the side of them, Middleton sacredly promised to become a father to their child.

From the day of Adolphus's marriage, Mr. Middleton had never seen Malvolio; though he had written several letters, expressing the horror he felt at his unjust aspersions on the character of his child; and he now meditated a revenge which he thought must punish his depravity, and penetrate into the deep recesses of his mind. Scarcely had the idea entered his imagination, when he directed his footsteps towards Malvolio's house, and rapping at the door, made no inquiries, but walked unceremoniously into the room.

"Is it *you*, *Mr. Middleton?* (exclaimed Malvolio:) this is a pleasure which I did not expect to receive. I am heartily glad to see you, however: but you will think it a great proof of my want of sense, when I tell you, I have been dreadfully disturbed by dreams. In short, I can hardly help thinking it a *vision;* but I wish to know whether you have lately heard any news of my son?" "Your son arrived last night in England, (replied Middleton, indignantly.) The climate, unfortunately, has proved destructive to his health; your cruelty had preyed too deeply upon his constitution, and rendered him unable to cope with *disease.*" "God forbid! (exclaimed the at length repentant Malvolio.) Then I fear that my dream will too soon be made out. I will go and see him this instant, if you will introduce me; but I have not the courage to go alone." "I am ready, (rejoined Middleton;) for it is the very thing I came for; but you must expect to see him considerably changed; and his poor wife is equally altered, and both at this moment are confined to their bed." Malvolio sighed, but made no reply to this intelligence; and a total silence ensued until they arrived at the house; when, opening the door of the apartment where the lifeless bodies lay extended, he exclaimed, "Behold the victims of your *cruelty*, and *tremble* at the *sight!* Monster of iniquity! (continued he,

he, exalting his accents,) disgrace to the very name you bear! What father, but yourself, would not have been proud of studying the happiness of such an amiable, such a deserving son? You have not only been the destroyer of his existence, but you have been the murderer of his fame: yet, if Providence grants me life, I will vindicate his memory, and disperse that vile odium *you* cast upon his *name!*"

"Oh, God! thy judgments are fallen heavy upon me! (said the petrified Malvolio, clinging for support to the bed.) And is he really dead? Call me not his *murderer!* Oh! this is a blow which human nature cannot bear! Oh, Adolphus! *injured* Adolphus! how shall I expiate the enormity of my crime?" "*Thus,* (said the worthy Middleton, taking the infant from the cradle;) become a *parent* to this *unprotected* child. Not that I will ever resign him to *your protection;* no, his happiness shall be the first object of my life. I have sworn to protect him over the bodies of his parents, and most religiously will I fulfil my vow. Make him your *heir;* that is all I require from you; it is the only compensation you can make him for the loss of your son." "Alas! (exclaimed Malvolio,) my happiness is fled for ever, and I no longer wish for the continuance of life: yet surely I am not the wretch that you describe me! Surely I have not been the murderer of my child! Oh, Middleton! why did you not let me see him before those lips were finally closed? Perhaps he would have told me he pardoned my cruelty; and, from possessing his forgiveness, I might have died in peace! (Then throwing himself upon the bed, by the side of the lifeless Adolphus, he burst into a violent agony of tears.) Am I not punished? (exclaimed he, starting up with a phrenzied countenance.) I suffer at this moment the torments of the damned! His wife, too, dead! Who was her slaughterer? You don't *dare* to say that deed was performed by my hand! Poor luckless girl! Yet she seems to smile upon me. Ah, they told me she had a kind and gentle heart:

heart: yet, wretch that I was, to suffer her to pine in *obscurity*, when I was absolutely wallowing in wealth! But the day of retribution has already overtaken me. Oh, Middleton, I have my punishment even in this life! However, do not teach that boy to *curse me;* and, in pity to my present sufferings, do not expose my crimes!"

The humane Mr. Middleton had already repented of the part in the dreadful drama which he had performed, and felt the most alarming apprehensions, lest the senses of the repentant Malvolio were turned. He therefore gave him a positive promise, not to expose his cruel conduct, or to endeavour to prejudice the mind of the child: but the world too late became sensible of the injury it had done to Adolphus, and his inhuman father was universally despised. The horrors of a reproaching conscience continually pursued him: in his dreams he perpetually thought he beheld the spirit of his son, accusing him with being the destroyer of his happiness, and the murderer of his beloved wife. For three years he lived a life of misery; the only happiness he enjoyed was in the presence of the child, to whom he left the whole of his fortune, except an annuity to the worthy Middleton of three hundred a-year.

ON PREJUDICE.

PREJUDICE and *lunacy* have certainly very different *causes*, but I think in *effect* they are the same. The madman will talk rationally on all subjects, except that which has a particular connection with his malady; and the prejudiced man will talk irrationally on the subject that is connected with his prejudice; so that, if I must distinguish prejudice from lunacy, I can only say, that prejudice is a perversion of the understanding, which is more difficult to be cured.

A.

ON GAMING.

AMIDST the various vices which prevail in society, and prove destructive to the happiness of mankind, none is to be more completely regretted than that which is to form the subject of these remarks. The effect produced by the generality of imperfections, is attached to the individual who is guilty of the fault; but in the deplorable practice of *gaming*, the evil extends far beyond themselves. How many wretched wives have reason to deplore the loss of that domestic happiness, which, before this infatuating propensity invaded the minds of their deluded husbands, they had been accustomed to enjoy! How many have been made widows, from the anguish of those sensations which a retrospect of past folly has produced! And how many helpless children have been reduced to *penury*, by the madness, and imprudence, of the authors of their birth!

The catalogue of human sufferings produced merely by this failing, might be extended far beyond the limits prescribed to a periodical work; but as the subject is so interesting to the welfare of society, I shall frequently devote my pen to the theme; and as *example* is allowed to be more impressive than *precept*, I shall describe a few instances of the effects of this destructive passion, which I have either *read*, or *seen*. The following story, which has been taken from a work recently published, is one which the author * of it assures her son, she knows to be true; and I shall strictly adhere to each circumstance, merely curtailing its prolixity, and using my own style.

A young man, whose real name is concealed under that of *Clifford*, was born to an elevated station, and endowed with a large portion of wealth. *Nature* had been as lavish to him as *fortune*; his understanding was highly cultivated, and his manners universally admired.

* Mrs. Crespigny.

admired. Educated at a public school, he formed an intimacy with a young nobleman, whose mind was *unprincipled*, though his manners were refined; and who, under the appearance of sanctity and decorum, concealed a propensity to profligacy and vice. *Lord Dorset*, which is the fictitious title given to this nobleman, and Clifford, set out upon their travels nearly at the same time: they met in Italy; and the hero of this narrative visited every place which was worth seeing, in the company of his friend. *Cards* were at first introduced by his Lordship merely as an evening recreation; and though it was one which did not afford Clifford any delight, yet, in compliance with the wishes of his companion, they regularly played every night. What at *first* had been absolutely a sacrifice of his inclinations, soon became an amusement of choice: the sums for which they played were gradually augmented, until an anxiety for *winning* gave additional ardour to their pursuits.

For many months they continued this dangerous practice without interruption. At length a gentleman, of the name of Mordant, arrived at the same place, accompanied by his wife and daughter, whose attractions were too lovely to be easily withstood. Lord Dorset and his friend contrived to get introduced to the family, and each were captivated with the amiable Louisa's charms. The former, after two or three interviews, informed Clifford, he intended making her an offer of his *hand* and *heart*. Too honourable to attempt supplanting his friend in his affections, yet incapable of supporting the preference which he fancied he received, Clifford resolved to quit that part of Italy, in the hope of conquering his affection by change of place and scene. The passion, however, which this charming girl had inspired, was not to be eradicated; her image was too deeply imprinted upon his heart; and he began to condemn his folly for quitting her society, without knowing that his Lordship had inspired her with regard. The result of this condemnation was, that

that he determined to return to the spot he had quitted, for the purpose of discovering whether the proposals of his friend had been received; and the excess of his joy may easily be imagined, when he found that Lord Dorset had quitted that part of the country, in consequence of Louisa having rejected his love. The delighted Clifford explained the cause of his withdrawing himself from the society of *her*, whose image had followed him wherever he went. His suit was accepted, his felicity unbounded; and the young couple returned to England in the course of a few months.

Possession increased the transports of Clifford: for three years his happiness met with no alloy: at the end of that period he unfortunately met his friend Lord Dorset in London, who again revived his former fondness for play. At that time the amiable Louisa was confined to her apartment, as they had come to town before Christmas, for the purpose of her lying-in. Clifford could not withstand his friend's intreaties to accompany him to a gaming-house, where he lost the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds. His feelings upon this occasion may be imagined, though they would be difficult to describe; yet he resolved to conceal the circumstance from his Louisa, who evidently perceived something had agitated his mind. Instead of avoiding this vortex of destruction, he determined to repair thither again the following night, and rendered desperate by the misfortunes of the preceding evening, he lost all composure and presence of mind. Fortune again shed her smiles upon Lord Dorset, whose coolness gave him a material advantage over his friend, when the frantic Clifford, in hopes of regaining part of his losses, not only *doubled*, but *trebled* his *bets!* Eagerness and despair were depictured on his countenance; a universal tremor shook his whole frame; and, in spite of the persuasions of those friends who beheld the ruin into which he was plunging, until he had lost eighty thousand more he refused to quit his play. After giving his Lordship an acknowledgment for the sum he

was indebted to him, the distracted Clifford rushed into the street, when the reflection of having reduced his wife and children to beggary, was too agonizing for a heart full of tenderness to sustain! After wandering up and down the street in a frantic state of wretchedness, his feet involuntarily directed him towards home. Rapping at the door, he flew into his library, which fortunately was contiguous to his wife's room. A pistol, which was loaded, caught his attention. Horror and despair urged him to the deed; when uttering a piercing groan, which reached the ears of Louisa, he caught up the fatal instrument, and presented it to his head.

Alarmed by a groan from the voice of her husband, the terrified Louisa flew to the spot, and opening the door with an eagerness of action, the weapon of destruction instantly went off. Providentially, however, her abrupt entrance startled him; the ball passed over his head, and shivered a large mirror into a thousand pieces, which was placed on the opposite side of the room. Petrified with horror at the scene she had witnessed, and terrified at the countenance of her husband, in which misery was displayed, she remained for some moments in speechless agony, unable to articulate a single word. Clifford had thrown himself upon a sofa; his figure represented the image of despair. The agonized Louisa at length dropped upon her knees before him, and in trembling accents demanded an explanation of his grief.

"Why, oh, why! (said the tortured Clifford, pressing her to his bosom at the same time,) did you prevent me from putting a period to my existence? I cannot, my Louisa, support the anguish of life!" The agitated Mrs. Clifford again implored him to tell her the cause of a sorrow which tortured and agonized her heart. "I am *undone!*" he exclaimed. "I have ruined *you*, and my *children*—But curses upon the wretches who have brought this misery upon my head! Yet it is myself I ought to *curse*, (said he, in more

softened accents, and at the same time bursting into tears.) Oh, my Louisa! what a monster is thy husband! How will that form be able to encounter distress?"

With all the pathos of genuine affection, the amiable Louisa assured him, that she could support any affliction whilst sustained by his regard: the loss of splendour she declared she could submit to without repining, as her happiness had never depended upon external appearances, but was derived from his love. By assurances like these, the storm of conflicting passions became quieted; his countenance assumed a less alarming cast; he acknowledged the rashness of the action he had been guilty of, and implored the author of his existence to pardon his crime.

It was mutually agreed that they should immediately quit London, and retire to some distant part of the country, where they could live much cheaper. On the following morning he received a note from Lord Dorset, demanding the money immediately to be paid. This conduct in a man for whom he had felt a sincere friendship, was an increasing pang to the susceptible Clifford's heart; and, after assuring him it should be paid within a short period, he set off for the country, leaving Louisa to arrange the houshold affairs. Scarcely was he gone, when the servant announced Lord Dorset. Louisa, when she beheld him, endeavoured to retire; but he caught her by the hand, implored her to hear him for a few moments, and, as he forcibly detained her, dropped upon his knee. "The sentiments (said he) which I felt for Miss Mordant, glow as warmly for Mrs. *Clifford* as they did at that time; and SHE shall never suffer from the good fortune which attended me; I will become *her banker*, to any extent she likes."

"Is it not sufficient, my Lord, (replied Louisa,) that to *you* I owe the ruin of my beloved Clifford, but you must shock my ears by professions which it is an insult to hear? Leave me, Sir; and never wound my feelings

feelings by your presence; for your *friendship*, and your *favours*, I equally despise."

"It is in your power, Madam, to bring about an accommodation between me and your husband, (rejoined his Lordship, disregardless of the contempt which darted from Louisa's eyes,) provided you will but shew a slight degree of partiality, and give me reason to hope I may make an impression upon your heart." "All I have to desire of you is, that you will instantly leave me," said Mrs. Clifford. At that instant the door was thrown open, and Clifford beheld Lord Dorset upon his knees. "Scoundrel! (he exclaimed in an impassioned accent,) this is too much for human nature to bear!" and catching him by the arm, with fury in his countenance, he actually forced him out of the door. The terrified Louisa uttered a shriek the most alarming, and fell almost senseless at her husband's feet, who endeavoured to sooth her into composure; but she dreaded the consequences of this alarming scene. Clifford assured her that he thought him a villain beneath his notice, and said every thing that was likely to assuage her fears; but when he had succeeded in allaying her apprehensions, he went in pursuit of the wretch who had endeavoured to seduce his wife. Meeting him in the street, he loaded him with those epithets which the baseness of his conduct deserved. The consequence of this was, that a meeting was settled for the next morning, which took place in the Bird-cage-walk.

After this point of honour, as it is falsely called, was adjusted between them, Clifford returned home apparently composed, telling Louisa he had altered his resolution, and should not go into the country until the following day. As far as was in his power, he arranged his temporal circumstances, and left the slight remains of his affluent fortune to his amiable wife; and at the appointed hour the next morning, he repaired to the spot which had been fixed upon, attended by Mr. Hunter and an intimate friend. He contrived to

get up without disturbing Mrs. Clifford, who awoke soon afterwards, and missing the object of her solicitude, her foreboding heart anticipated the business on which he was gone. Too soon were her dreadful apprehensions realized. Clifford was brought home apparently dead; and, for the space of six weeks, her feelings were kept in a state of torture; and skill less eminent than Mr. Hunter's could not have preserved his life. As soon as he was able to bear the journey, he retired to the country. From *six thousand*, his income was reduced to about *four hundred* a-year. But never did a single murmur escape the lips of Louisa: the education of her children, and the cares of her family, occupied her attention, and afforded her delight.

To the cottage which Clifford had taken, several acres of land were attached; and he endeavoured to banish reflection from his bosom, by cultivating them with care: but vain were his attempts to drive past *follies* from his *recollection;* his imprudencies had made too deep an impression upon his heart. When he beheld the beloved wife of his affection deprived of those elegancies and indulgences, to which, from absolute childhood, she had been used, the unbidden tear of remorse would fill his eyes with tenderness, and he was frequently obliged to quit the room. The effect of the wound which he had received from the hand which ruined him, produced likewise a visible effect upon his health; and the combination of *mental* and bodily sufferings, was too great for his constitution to withstand. It was evident to all around him, that a consumption was making rapid progress. To Bristol he went, in compliance with the persuasions of his wife; but it was a Lethean spring which the ill-fated Clifford wanted, to wash *retrospection* and *remorse* from his mind. His disorder rapidly increased, in spite of the balsamic qualities of those waters; and he implored his beloved Louisa to return, for he felt that he was drawing near the close of his existence, and he earnestly wished to die at home.

A few

A few days after his return to his peaceful dwelling, a languor, never before experienced, overspread his frame; all visional objects faded before him; and a presentiment of what was about to happen was impressed upon his mind. "Oh, my Louisa, (he cried,) I too well know your goodness: your heart has forgiven the injuries I have done you, but I have never been able to forgive myself. I am torn from you, and my dear children, in the very prime of my existence; a victim to that rashness and folly, which has undermined my peace. I urge, I require you, at this awful moment, to impress a *detestation* of the practice of GAMING upon our childrens' minds. Every man, at first, may resist its allurements; but it is a vice which, when once they are engaged in, it is most difficult to overcome. I, alas! I am a wretched instance of the truth of this assertion, and I implore you to impress an abhorrence of the practice upon my injured childrens' minds. And from you, my Louisa, whom I have, in spite of my wickedness, ever loved with the fondest affection, I now feel that I am about to be torn! But as you have ever returned the tenderness I felt towards you, I now implore you to exert yourself for *mine* and our childrens' sake. The children of your once not unworthy Clifford, claim this proof of maternal fondness from their mother! My fate is just. That I am penitent, most truly penitent, Heaven, who knows the pangs of remorse I have suffered, can fully witness. Oh, my Louisa! My beloved Louisa!"—Here his voice faultered, articulation failed him, the damps of death bedewed his pallid face, and pressing the object of his love to his palpitating bosom, the *amiable*, but *imprudent Clifford* expired!

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

THE lovers of literature have lately been presented with a most gratifying intellectual treat; and the public at large have to acknowledge the obligation which they owe to the present Marquis of Bute. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters during her residence in the Turkish dominions, which were published in the year 1762, afforded readers of taste the highest satisfaction, not only from their giving an accurate description of the manners of the people, but from their having been written in a truly elegant style. The preface to the present publication proves that they were published without the sanction of the family, and that copies of them were procured by an artifice of the deepest kind. The present edition is augmented to five volumes, and describes the most interesting events in the author's life.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose maiden name was Pierrepoint, was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and born in the year 1690, or 1691. She not only received a liberal education, but the tutors who instructed her brother, taught her both Latin and Greek. At an early period of life, she formed an intimacy with Mrs. Wortley Montagu, which laid the foundation for her future alliance with her son; and that Mrs. W. entertained the highest opinion of her *personal* and *mental attractions*, may be proved from a letter extracted from this entertaining work, bearing date the fifteenth of September, 1709.

"It is as impossible for my dearest Lady Mary to utter a thought that can seem *dull*, as to put on a *look* that is not beautiful. Want of *wit* is a thought that those who envy you most would not be able to find in your kind compliments. You have often found, that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you

could put on, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and those lines of yours, which *you* tax with *dullness*, are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression (had I forgot the rest of your charms) would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have, which is *inconstancy*. Yet, upon second thoughts, how can this be a fault? No, 'tis none; and you are *alltogether perfect*. 'Tis to this happy disposition of being pleased with new objects, that we owe that wit of yours, which is so surprising."

If the mother entertained so great a partiality for Lady Mary's talents, we cannot be astonished at their exciting a still warmer interest in the bosom of her son, for whom, in contradiction to Mrs. Wortley's charge of *inconstancy*, the object of these memoirs seems to have entertained the sincerest regard. Notwithstanding which, it may naturally be supposed, that he had expressed doubts of her affection; for she addresses him in the following ingenuous style; and it is impossible to peruse their correspondence, without admiring the delicacy and *candour* of her *mind*.

"I intended to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, before you took pains to please me, and to *insure* my *esteem*. But now you make use of that very esteem to give me uneasiness. I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with; and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of pleasing you. How much wiser are all those women I have despised, than myself! In placing their happiness in *trifles*, they have placed it in what was attainable; whilst I fondly thought fine clothes, and gilt coaches, balls, operas, and public adoration, rather the fatigues, than the pleasures of life; and that true happiness had been defined by Mr. Dryden:

'Whom Heaven would bless, it does from Pomp remove,
'And makes their Wealth, in Privacy and Love.'

"In

"In every action of my life, I have shewed an esteem for you, that at least challenges a grateful return. I have even trusted my reputation in your hands, by giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. Yet, after all this, I exact nothing from you: if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so *small* a *fortune*, I desire you to *sacrifice nothing* to *me*. I pretend no tie upon your honour; but, in recompence for so clear, and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive *injuries*, and ill usage? I can bear to be told I am *wrong*, but let it be done gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet: I came young into the hurry of the world: great innocence, and an undesigning gaiety, may possibly have been construed into *coquetry*, and a desire of being *followed*, though never meant by *me*. I cannot answer for the observations that may have been made on my conduct; all who are malicious, attack the *careless* and *defenceless*, and I own myself to be both. I know not any thing I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you, and making you easy, than to offer to live with you in the most retired manner you please. Would any woman, but *me*, renounce all the world, but *one*? Or would any man, but *you*, be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?"

The attachment of this accomplished woman could never have been doubted, after having given so disinterested a proof; for Lady Mary at this time was the reigning beauty of the metropolis, and men of the first distinction were solicitous to obtain her hand. Mr. Wortley Montagu's fortune did not entitle him to make proposals to the Duke of Kingston, in consequence of which, the marriage ceremony was privately performed August 12, 1712. About two years after this event, a cousin of Mr. Montagu's was created Earl of Halifax, and made first lord of the treasury; and the consequence of this arrangement was, that his relation was immediately put into a very lucrative post; but the embassy to the Porte soon afterwards becoming

ing vacant, the more dignified employment of *Turkish Ambassador* was bestowed.

The abilities of Lady Mary were allowed to be so far superior to the generality of females, that men of the first genius flocked to her house; but none of them paid her such *profound adulation* as the celebrated Mr. Pope. The letters of that gentleman are written in a style of *panegyric*, which seems to place the sincerity of his professions in a dubious light; and his subsequent behaviour to the object of his veneration, proves, that dissimulation must have influenced his mind. That Lady Mary possessed a very comprehensive understanding, is a circumstance which does not admit of a doubt: and that to this was united a brilliancy of imagination, which rendered her conversation peculiarly admired. Sensible as she must have been of the superiority of her abilities, yet *vanity* and *arrogance* were strangers to her heart; for, upon sending her translation of Epictetus for the opinion of the Bishop of Salisbury, she even apologizes for attempting to show her knowledge of Greek. "My sex (says she) are usually forbid studies of this nature; and *folly* reckoned so much our *proper sphere*, that we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretension to reading, or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating our minds. Our natural defects are every way indulged; and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal, to improve our reason, or our fancy. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms; and permitted, without reproach, to carry that custom even to extravagancy; while our minds are entirely neglected; and, by disuse of reflection, filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a *learned woman:* these words imply, according to the *received sense*, a *talking, impertinent, vain, conceited* creature. I believe

lieve nobody will deny that learning *may* have this effect, but it must be in a very superficial degree. I am not now arguing for the *equality* of the *two sexes*. I do not doubt but that God, and Nature, have thrown us into an inferior rank; we are the lower part of the creation; we owe obedience and submission to the superior sex; and any woman who suffers her vanity and folly to deny this, rebels against the law of her Creator."

The modest diffidence of female talents, expressed in these sentiments, must have made the author of them generally admired; and at the time of writing this letter, Lady Mary had only just attained her twentieth year. Upon Mr. Wortley Montagu obtaining the dignified employment of ambassador, his attached wife determined to accompany him, unmindful of fatigue; although at the time she had a young infant with her, whom her family could not persuade her to leave: and thus she at once fulfilled the duties of a wife and mother, and at the same time acquired a degree of information which no female ever obtained before. With the letters which were written during her residence in Turkey, the public have many years ago been entertained; and they likewise know that the beneficial practice of *inoculation* was introduced into this country by her means. During Lady Mary's residence at Constantinople, she was delivered of her only daughter, the late Countess of Bute; and the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of the present edition, contain a number of letters to that lady, after the author's second residence abroad. Various reasons have been assigned for this accomplished woman's leaving England without her husband; the one alledged in the work alluded to, is the delicate state of her health; but how Mr. Wortley could resign the society of such a companion, seems, at the present distance of time, difficult for the mind to account for. After her return from Turkey, she alternately resided at *Twickenham*, and at her house in Cavendish Square. At the former

former place she had been persuaded to become an inhabitant by the solicitations of Mr. Pope. It has frequently been observed, that superior understandings are not free from that passion which influences *little minds*; and it is said, that *envy* was the cause of that disagreement which took place between Lady Mary and Mr. Pope. The adulation which at one time he had paid to her talents, certainly did not correspond with the future conduct he observed; and the indignity she felt at the treatment she received from him, called forth some *severe*, and rather illiberal remarks. *Personal defects* ought never to become the subject of satire; but Lady Mary attacked him in the most vulnerable part; and, by suffering her resentment to get the better of her judgment, exposed herself to the imputation of an unfeeling heart.

SATIRE UPON POPE.

(Vol. V. Page 171.)

Not even youth and beauty can controul
The universal rancour of *thy soul;*
Charms that might soften superstition's rage,
Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age!
But how should'st *thou* by beauty's force be mov'd?
No more for loving made, than to be lov'd?
It was the equity of righteous Heav'n,
That such a *soul* to such a *form* was giv'n,
And shews the uniformity of Fate,
That one so odious should be born to hate!
When God *created thee*, one would believe,
He said the same as to the snake of Eve;
"To Human Race antipathy declare:
"'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war."
* * * * * *
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unslain,
That wretched little *carcase*, you retain,
The reason is—not that the world wants eyes;
But thou'rt so *mean*—they *see*—and they *despise!*

The poetic talents of Lady Mary were not confined to the satirical style of writing; and I cannot resist the

the inclination I feel to give my readers a farther specimen of her powers, particularly as the work from which they are extracted, is published in an expensive style; and from that circumstance, may probably not be universally perused.

An Answer to a Lady who had advised the Author to retire.

You little know the *heart* that you advise;
I view this varying scene with equal eyes;
In crowded courts I find myself *alone*,
And pay my worship to a *nobler throne!*

Long since, the value of this world I knew;
Pitied the *folly*, and despis'd the *shew:*
Well as I can, my tedious part I bear,
And wait dismissal, without pain or fear.

Seldom I mark mankind's detested ways,
Not hearing censure, nor affecting praise;
And unconcern'd my future fate I trust
To that sole Being, *merciful* and *just.*

Impromptu to a young Lady who was Singing.

Sing, gentle maid; reform my breast,
And soften all my care;
Thus may I be some moments blest,
And easy in despair!
The power of Orpheus lives in you,
You can the passion of my soul subdue,
And tame the lions and the tigers there!

A Hymn to the Moon.

Thou silver Deity of secret Night,
Direct my footsteps through the woodland shade;
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight;
The Lover's guardian, and the Muses aid!

By thy pale beams I solitary rove;
To thee my tender grief confide;
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,
My *friend*, my *goddess*, and my *guide!*

Ere thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height
The charms of young Endymion drew;
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing Night,
With all thy greatness, and thy coldness too!

In

In the year 1739, Lady Mary's constitution became so debilitated, that she formed the resolution of residing abroad; and Mr. Wortley, not objecting to the proposal, she quitted England in the month of July, and immediately went to Venice, where she was treated with the most flattering respect. She then passed some months at Avignon and Chamberry, but fixed her summer residence at Louverre, on account of the mineral springs there. She took possession of a deserted palace, planned a garden entirely after her own design; and in the different occupations of the country, at once improved her health, and occupied her mind. Thus secluded from the world, or from that part of it she had been accustomed to associate with, she seems to have enjoyed perfect tranquillity of mind; but neither distance, or time, could diminish her maternal solicitude, as may be proved from the regular correspondence she kept up with Lady Bute. These letters not only breathe a warmth of affection, but are interspersed with a variety of anecdotes, and entertaining remarks; and of her husband she always speaks with the highest degree of deference; and if the warmth of affection had abated, it was succeeded by respect.

"I am extremely pleased (says she, in one of her letters to the Countess) with the account you have given me of your father's health. I wrote to desire his consent in the disposal of poor Lady Oxford's legacy, and I do not doubt but it will be obtained. It has been both my *interest*, and my *duty*, to study his *character;* and I can say, with truth, I never knew any man so capable of a *generous action*."

In the same epistle, Lady Mary gives her daughter a curious anecdote of a Venetian female of rank, who seems to have possessed a disposition somewhat resembling Socrates' wife; and as my readers may possibly derive amusement from the relation, I shall give it them in the author's own words.

"A late adventure here *(Venice)* makes a great noise, from the rank of the persons concerned in the affair. The Marchioness Licinia Bentivoglio, who was heiress of one branch of the Martenghi, and brought ten thousand gold sequins to her husband, and the expectation of her father's estate, (three thousand a-year,) the most magnificent palace at Brescia, another in the country, and many other advantages of woods, plate, jewels, &c. The Cardinal Bentivoglio thought he could not do better for his nephew, who was descended from the sovereigns of Bologna, a grandee of Spain, a noble Venetian, and possessed of twenty-five thousand pounds per annum, than to unite him to this young Lady; who, to the advantages of rank and fortune, possessed a number of personal charms; but who, to counterbalance them, had unfortunately such a Luciferian temper, that neither her husband, or domestics, enjoyed one moment's peace. After about eight years spent in *misery* and warfare, she eloped from her family, leaving two daughters, the elder of whom was not six years old, without assigning any reason for this extraordinary flight. There was no gallant concerned in the business, and it was the mere effect of a capricious mind. Her father was so enraged at her conduct, that for some time he refused her admission into his house; but at length parental fondness subdued resentment, and this singular woman was received under his roof. The husband in vain endeavoured to persuade her to return to him: he first made use of *intreaties*, afterwards of *threats*. The Cardinal went twice to Brescia, to point out the breach of duty she had been guilty of; and the Pope threatened to make use of the authority of the Church; but he found it more difficult to reduce the inflexibility of *one woman*, than all the heretics he had dealt with during his life. For ten years she remained with her father, never expressing the least solicitude for either husband or child. One of her daughters by this time had been disposed of in marriage to the nephew of Cardinal Gonzagua, first minister

minister at Rome. Upon this occasion, the young Lady wrote her mother a most dutiful letter, who would not condescend to make her any reply: and her father died a short time since, leaving her the whole of his beautiful estate. She remained in the castle, living with a gloomy kind of grandeur, totally neglected by all her father's friends; for the irritability of her temper, and the violence of her passions, had completely driven them from the house. About a month ago, she ordered a basin of broth to be brought her; and, upon eating a few spoonfuls of it, she burst out into one of her fits of rage, declaring it was impossible to eat it, as it had so vile a taste. Two of her attendants, accustomed to these kind of caprices, took away the basin, and drank its contents, when a few minutes afterwards they were seized with violent agonies, and, in spite of medical assistance, died the next day. The Marchioness likewise displayed similar symptoms; but, from having taken less of the destructive beverage, her life was saved; notwithstanding which, she still remains in a very debilitated state of health. The cook was apprehended, examined, and put to the torture, but still maintains his innocence of the design. The Lady openly declares the poison was administered by her *husband's order*, though he displays the greatest anxiety for the preservation of her life. The moment he heard of the circumstance, he sent several doctors to her, all of whom she refused to admit; gave alms to all the convents, to say masses for her; and published manifestos, protesting his abhorrence of the crime. A body of witnesses might be produced, to prove the uniform kindness of his conduct to her: his temper is allowed to be remarkably sweet; and no man of quality in the whole country is more sincerely, and deservedly beloved. Her assertions of being *poisoned*, would never have gained credit, had not the death of her women made the fact beyond doubt; but by whom, in all probability, will

never be discovered, although the greatest pains have been taken to find it out."

This extraordinary event must of course have excited astonishment in the minds of those who were upon the spot where it occurred; and a more despicable character than that of the Marchioness Bentivoglio is not to be found mentioned in the historic page. Her disgust to an amiable husband, and her unnatural conduct to her children, place her *below* the level of *brutes*, who merely from an *instinctive* impulse, testify the fondest affection for their young. How different are the sentiments of the accomplished author, from whom her history is extracted, towards the object to whom she had given birth! for in one of her letters to Mr. Montagu, she expresses herself in the following words: "I have wrote a long letter to my daughter; I cannot help fearing for her present state. *Time*, and *distance*, have *increased*, not *diminished*, my *tenderness*, which, I own, is stronger than my *philosophy*. My *reason* agrees with *Atticus;* but my *passions* are the same as *Tully's*."

Separated as Lady Mary was from her family and connections, yet the inhabitants of Louverre seem to have entertained a just notion of her worth; for in one of her epistles to Lady Bute, she tells her, they were going to erect her statue in one of the most principal streets in the town. "The marble (says she) was bespoke; the sculptor bargained with; and it would have been erected without my consent, had it not been necessary for the artist to see me, for the purpose of taking the exact proportion of my form; and it was with the utmost difficulty I could persuade them to relinquish the design. This compliment, perhaps, was founded on reasons not unlike those for which the famed goddess *Ceres* was immortalized; if it be true, that she taught the art of sowing wheat; for I certainly have taught them the useful practice of *making bread*. I have introduced *French rolls, custards,*

minced

minced pies, and *plumb-puddings*, of which they are very fond; yet I find it impossible to bring them to conform to a syllabub, which is so unnatural a mixture in their eyes, that they are even shocked to see me eat it. But I expect *immortality* from the science of *butter-making*, in which I have taught them to excel; and I assure you we have as good butter here as in any part of Great Britain." It is impossible not to admire the playfulness of style, and the lively turn of expression, when we consider that the author of these remarks was at that time turned of sixty years: for how often do we find, that as age makes its advances, discontent and gloominess take possession of the mind! "I am as fond of baubles as ever, (says she, in the letter from which the above lines have been quoted;) and am so far from being ashamed of it, that it is a taste I endeavour to keep up with all the art in my power. I should have despised them, perhaps, at *twenty*, for the same reason that at *twelve* I should have been ashamed of eating *cheesecakes* or *tarts*. I know, and, alas! have long known, that all things in this world are equally *trifling;* and our most serious projects have scarce more foundation, than those edifices that your little ones raise with cards."

This happy mode of drawing pleasure from *trifles*, I conceive to be true *philosophy of mind;* and to endeavour to disperse gloomy reflections, is not only a moral, but a *religious* duty of life. For two-and-twenty years Lady Mary resided upon the continent; but, at the expiration of that period, Lady Bute persuaded her to return. Her husband was then dead; and, unable to resist the intreaties of a being she was so tenderly attached to, in the year 1761 she quitted her retreat. *Age*, however, and infirmity, had debilitated her constitution; her decaying health was visibly on the decline, and she died August 21, 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age. The following inscription was placed upon her monument in Litchfield cathedral, where her remains were interred.

Sacred to the Memory of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,
Who happily introduced from Turkey, the
Salutary Art of Inoculating for the Small-pox.
Convinced of its Efficacy, she first tried it on her own Children,
And then recommended the Practice of it to
Her fellow Citizens. Thus, by her Example,
And Advice, we have softened the Virulence, and escaped
The Danger, of this malignant Disease.
To perpetuate the Memory of such Benevolence, and to
Express the Gratitude she herself received from
This alleviating Art, this Monument is erected by
Henrietta More.

ON SELF-CONFIDENCE.

HOW difficult to follow, is the line of truth with the greatest perspicacity of wisdom and virtue! what then, with the blindness of prejudice and self-interest? The man you blindfold, and bid walk straight an hundred yards, will probably be much surprised to find himself so strangely wide of his intended mark, as he certainly will be when the bandage is taken off his eyes; and should not we, think you, be surprised to find how wide we are of that line of truth if our bandage was taken off? But how dissimilar are the two cases! In the first, the bandage is put on by another, and the man expects to be *a little* wide of the straight path; but in the last, we put it on ourselves, and expect to walk *perfectly true*. Nay, strange imagination! we begin by putting on this bandage, and then believe we have it not on: we chuse to go in the dark, and, like Lord Peter swearing his loaf was a shoulder of mutton, we swear we have nothing at all on our eyes, that we see perfectly well, and heartily execrate all those that contradict us.

A.

ON

ON INJURIES.

THERE are three kinds of returns for injuries; abject submission, severe retaliation, and contemptuous disregard. The first is always the worst, and the last generally the best; yet, however different they may be in themselves, the dignity of the last is so much superior to common conceptions, that you may, perhaps, be forced upon the second, purely to prove that you did not stoop to the first. A.

ON NARROW-MINDEDNESS IN CRITICISM.

I HAVE long remarked, that the first movement of the mind, at least of the little mind, on seeing any piece of literature, is to condemn; and that commendation is at best but the second, and generally only an echo of the commendation of others. But I cannot help thinking that what the little mind thus condemns aloud, it secretly approves, perhaps admires, and condemns even for that reason. That it approves, and admires, seems to be the necessary consequence of discovering an effect of an understanding superior to its own; and that it condemns, seems to be as necessary a consequence of an unwillingness to allow a merit to others which it cannot claim for itself: for it will readily be allowed, that there are few literary performances, which nine in ten of those who condemn, do not feel themselves unable to have produced: thus, then, these little minds conclude, and perhaps not always without reason, that what they withhold from another, they gain for themselves.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

Dec. 5.

TO night, an Opera of Two Acts, entitled *The Caravan*, was performed at this Theatre, for the first time. The following are the principal characters:

The Marquis Calatrava, - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Governor of Barcelona, - -	Mr. DOWTON.
Blabbo, - - - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Captain of the Pirates, - -	Mr. DIGNUM.
The Marchioness Calatrava,	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Rosa, - - - - - - - -	Miss DE CAMP.

This piece, which is the production of Mr. REYNOLDS, is one of the most pleasing we ever saw. The story, in the outline, is of no great value; but a constant interest is excited by one or two of the characters, and the incidents their situation produce. The Regent of Spain, an usurper, is in love with the *Marchioness Calatrava*, and sends her husband a prisoner in a Caravan, to the Governor of Barcelona. He gives orders, that he shall have no food on the journey; designing thus to kill him. But the driver of the Caravan, *Blabbo*, contrives to share the allowance of himself, and his dog, with the *Marquis*, and thus preserves him in the first instance. He afterwards releases him from the prison in the *Governor's* Castle, together with the *Marchioness* and her child, a little boy. A creature of the Regent, having got them again into his power, the *Marquis* is sent on board a ship; and the *Marchioness* and her son, are brought into the *Governor's* Palace, where she is told she must return the Regent's passion, or her husband shall be executed, and her child thrown from the top of a rock, in her presence, into the water. She refuses. The child is thrown from the rock. *Blabbo* passes at that moment, shews

shews the child to the dog, who plunges into the water, and saves its life. Pirates, who are introduced into the first scene of the piece, rescue the *Marquis*. The scenery, the music, the decorations, are all extremely beautiful. The acting of Mr. BANNISTER, Mrs. H. JOHNSTON, and Miss DE CAMP, was of the most exquisite kind. The applause with which every scene was received, was as great as we ever witnessed. The house was crowded, even to the very avenues. In a word, the success of this piece was most complete.

COVENT GARDEN.

Dec. 13.

THIS Evening a new Historical Comic Opera, in Three Acts, entitled *The English Fleet*, was performed, for the First Time, at this Theatre. The Characters were thus represented:

De Mountfort, Count of Brittany,		Mr. HILL.
John de Mountfort, his Son,	his Party.	Master BENSON.
Robert of Artois,		Mr. KING.
Oliver de Clisson,		Mr. CURTIES.
John de Montaubat,		Mr. CRESWELL.
Philip,		Mr. BLANCHARD.
Valentine,		Mr. BRAHAM.
Captain Fitzwater,		Mr. INCLEDON.
Mainmast, his Boatswain,		Mr. MUNDEN.
Kelson,		Mr. STREET.
Charles, Count de Blois,		Mr. CLAREMONT.
Bishop of Leon,	his Party,	Mr. CHAPMAN.
La Vallette,		Mr. KLANERT.
Carlos,		Mr. BEVERLEY.
Doria,		Mr. WILKINSON.
Pedrillo,		Mr. TRUMAN.
Pierre,		Mr. FIELD.
Jacques,		Mr. HARLEY.
Hubert,	Peasants,	Mr. ATKINS.
Maurice,		Mr. WILDE.
		Jane,

Jane, Countess of Brittany,	Mrs. GLOVER.
Adela, Countess de Blois,	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.
Jacqueline, her Attendant,	Miss GAWDRY.
Jeannette, Wife to Philip,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Katharine, Wife to Valentine,	Signora STORACE.
Isabel, Daughter to Jeannette,	Mrs. ATKINS.

Bretons, French, Spanish, and Genoese Soldiers. English Officers, and Sailors, Peasants of Brittany, &c. &c.

Scene lies in and near the Castle of Hennebonne.

De Mountfort, Count of Brittany, having escaped from the hands of his triumphant enemy, *Charles, Count de Blois*, is concealed in a cottage by *Jeannette*, the wife of one of his vassals, whose husband and son have been sent by *De Mountfort*, to implore succour from *Edward*, King of England. The Play commences with the return of *Philip* and his son from their embassy, who bring with them the promise of the speedy arrival of the British Fleet. But ere they have time to arm the followers of the Count, and apprise him of the promised aid, two peasants, who suspected, from *Jeannette's* restless solicitude to guard her secret, that the *Count* was actually under her protection, tempted by the great rewards offered for his apprehension by *Charles de Blois*, betray their Lord, and assist to surprise him in his hiding place, and bear him prisoner to the Castle of his enemy. Meanwhile the *Countess de Mountfort*, relinquishing the distaff for the sword, heads a small party of her adherents, and fights in defence of her son, when being on the point of falling into the hands of the *Count de Blois'* soldiers, she is rescued, and restored in safety to her castle, by the courage and enterprise of *Mainmast*, a British sailor.

The *Count de Blois* offers *De Mountfort* his liberty, on condition that he will resign to him his sovereignty, and acknowledge himself his vassal, which being indignantly refused by *De Mountfort*, he is condemned

condemned to death, and a herald sent to the *Countess* to demand that she yield her son as a hostage to the *Count de Blois*, and deliver herself and the Castle into his power; or, on her refusal, he threatens to burn the Castle, and put every one within its walls to the sword. Despairing of the long-expected relief from England; reluctant to sacrifice her faithful dependants; and hoping, by her own surrender, to purchase the liberty of her husband, and the safety of her child; she is about to sign the fatal treaty, when the cannon announces the arrival of the British Fleet. *De Mountfort* at the same moment returns to the Castle, having been released from his dungeon by the address and ingenuity of *Mainmast;* and the piece concludes with the magnificent and proud display of the British Fleet riding in a port of France.

It is perhaps difficult to make an historical play any thing more than a tale twice told; and this Drama certainly affords little incident out of the usual routine of skirmishes, marchings, and counter-marchings. The author, however, has very aptly contrived to excite a powerful interest in the minds of the audience, by making every situation of his play bear a strong allusion to the patriotic hopes of his countrymen, and almost every speech the vehicle of ardent loyalty. The characters are not more novel than the incidents, with the exception of *Mainmast*, where the author, Mr. DIBDIN, has given some new and pleasing touches to the hackneyed portrait of a brave, generous, but drunken sailor: and Mr. MUNDEN'S performance of the part was highly comic.

From the specimen of Mr. BRAHAM'S powers, which the music affords, we hope frequently to see his compositions before the public.

The piece was received with the most unbounded applause, and almost the whole of the songs *encored*, which task the performers submitted to with a readiness and good humour, that reflects as much honour on them, as the call evinced taste and judgment in the audience.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESSES.

1. A light Blue Beaver Military Helmet Hat, covered with light Blue Netting, ornamented with a White Feather. A short walking Dress of White Muslin. A Military Spencer, trimmed with Silver Cord, and Epaulette. York Tan Gloves.

2. A Scarlet Velvet Bonnet, with a White Ostrich Feather. A Pelice of Scarlet Kersimere, trimmed with Black Velvet. Brown Bear Muff.

3. A Dress of Cambric Muslin with long Sleeves: Habit Shirt. The Hair dressed with a Gold Comb; and Silver Bear Tippet.

4. The Head fashionably dressed, with a Gold Comb, and Scarlet Wreath. A Dress of Muslin, sloped in Front, with a long Train trimmed with Rose-coloured Ribbon, with a broad White Lace sewed to the Edge of the Ribbon; and York Tan Gloves.

FULL DRESS

R. Sands del. et sc.

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WALKING DRESSES MORNING DRESS FULL DRESS

R. Smirke del. et sc.

Published Jan.y 5.th 1804 by Vernor & Hood 31 Poultry.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

The Apollonian Wreath.

A WINTER PIECE.

NOW the dark clouds that threat'ning lour,
Prove that the golden Autumn's past;
Whilst rugged Winter's frigid pow'r
Is roughly felt in every blast.

The leaves which made yon trees so green,
Blown off, and unregarded lie;
Whilst the stripp'd branches now are seen
Braving, as 'twere, th' inclement sky.

The playful streams, that underneath
O'er-arching boughs were wont to glide,
Stern Winter, with his icy breath,
Congeals—and stops their liquid tide.

Bleak northern winds now raging blow,
Where gentle zephyrs fann'd the air:
Nature's green lap is hid in snow,
So lately deck'd with flow'rets fair.

'Tis now we learn indeed to prize
The joys our cheerful home bestows;
Whilst, as loud winds tempestuous rise,
For us the ruddy fire glows.

Ah, then, ye fair!—whose happy lot
Fortune has blest with plenteous store,
Be't yours to seek the wretched cot
Where shiv'ring Misery keeps the door.

The roughest gale rude Boreas blows
Should you to softest pity melt—
Then give the care-fraught breast repose,
And Winter's blasts will not be felt.

Think ye, your eyes e'er shine so bright,
As when with Pity's tears they're wet?
'Tis *then* they'd make a day of night—
And brightness would be brighter yet.

The fairest bosom fairer grows
When gentle Pity makes it heave;
The loveliest hand more lovely shows
When stretch'd to succour, and relieve.

Say, can the costly gems ye wear
More pleasure to your breasts impart,
Than to dry up pale Sorrow's tear,
And kindly sooth the drooping heart?

O no! 'tis sweeter far, despair
From sad Affliction's brow to chase;
Where Horror dwelleth, to repair,
And light up Pleasure in its place.

'Tis this which truest pleasure yields,
'Tis this can shorten Winter's reign,
Till Spring once more shall glad the fields,
And cheerful Nature smile again.

W.

TO A RED BREAST.

BY DR. PERFECT.

DESCENDING from the leafless spray,
The scatter'd crumbs to eat,
Fearless of harm, last night I saw
Thee hopping round my feet.

This morn thy tuneful notes I heard
Where murmurs soft the rill,
And why, my pretty sonnetteer,
Didst thou desert my sill?

Why, perch'd upon the broken wall,
Or hop-pole stack hard by,
Dost thou behold my peaceful cot
With more suspicious eye?

Here's

Here's nothing of the tabby kind,
Thy vermeil crest to watch:
No wicked boy, with bird-lime snare,
Thy little form to catch.

And now, when all the feather'd tribe
Scarce charm us with a note,
O come, and cheer my pensive dome
With thy melodious throat.

Safe from the winter's piercing cold,
The blast that bends the trees,
The falling snow, and rigid frost,
That numbs with every breeze.

Return, sweet bird, and take thy home
With me, thy friend sincere;
Repay my kindness with a song,
And I'll protect thee here.

ELEGIAC LINES

On the Death of a deserted Child.

AN early tenant of the lonely tomb,
From earthly scenes and earthly sorrows fled,
ELIZA yields to man's unfailing doom,
And seeks the lonely mansions of the dead.

Short, little victim! short has been thy stay,
Yet long enough thy share of grief to know:
From life's poor banquet hurried quick away,
Thy years were few, and those were mark'd with woe.

For soon the breath of pale Affliction came,
To taint the freshness of thy rising spring;
When parents—if they merit such a name—
From thee, poor girl! withdrew the fost'ring wing.

But Heav'n, still mindful of thy hapless state,
Did comfort equal to thy sorrows lend,
And gave, to screen thee from the storm of fate,
A kind protectress, and a gen'rous friend.

'Twas she that bade thy infant bosom know
The blessings of a parent's watchful eye;
And she receiv'd—'twas all thou couldst bestow—
The last sad tribute of a grateful sigh.

Soft be thy sleep, sweet child! tho' low thy bed;
Light lie the turf upon thy clay-cold breast:
May guardian Seraphs hover round thy head,
And choral Angels hymn thy soul to rest.

STANZAS

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

REMEMBRANCE dear of my beloved fair!
Engrafted in this bosom be thou e'er;
Unfading emblem of my heart's true love;
Memento sacred! oh, propitious prove!
In thee, fair relic, ever shall my mind
In deepest sorrow some sweet solace find.
Ne'er shall I view thee, but thou wilt impart
Some new emotion to my faithful heart!

November. CAROLUS.

FROM CAMOENS.

THY lovely charms, celestial maid,
All hearts with ease subdue;
Surpassing ev'n a poet's thought,
And as mysterious too.

What lips, audacious, vain, and rash,
Shall dare to sing thy worth?
Thy num'rous sweets, that open here
A paradise on earth.

O! I can ne'er the theme attempt,
In strain or good or bad;
Since when I see thee, I am dumb—
And, when I do not, mad!

WRITTEN ON A STORMY WINTER's NIGHT.

BY MR. HACKETT.

LOUD howls the wind along the wintry sky,
And drives with fury 'gainst the crystal pane,
That, sounding, clashes with the big-dropp'd rain;
At which I shiv'ring start—and heave a sigh
For those, who, tost upon the gaping waves,
Perhaps, with dread anxiety await
The 'whelming terrors of unfathom'd graves,
And, shrinking, moan the horrors of their fate!
Again, I hear the deep, tremendous blast,
That threatens Nature even to her base;
With them, perchance, 'tis now for ever past—
The struggling tenants of the wat'ry space!
Ah! in their breasts life's last throbs beating lie,
And, hideous, warn them, time is come—to die!

Temple.

ON MY OWN BIRTH-DAY,

The 16th of November, being Twenty-One Years of Age.

HOW swift have flown my youthful years!
Yet in their flight how long they seem'd!
With anxious thoughts, with hopes and fears,
With pleasure too, they often teem'd.

Will those to come prove happier far?
Or else surcharg'd with pain and woe?
Shall I have cause to mourn the bar
They put to peace or bliss below?

O, gracious God! with hope surround
This dreary path of grief and care;
O shed thy beams of light around,
To warn me of th' entrapping snare.

Let every hour that o'er me flies
Show'r storms upon my wounded head;
Watch'd by that Pow'r that rules the skies,
No danger thence I fear or dread.

And when recall'd to native dust,
To part with all, and bow to Death;
I even then, I humbly trust,
Calmly, in hope, shall yield my breath.

MARY.

SONNET,

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

THOUGH Misery on me her mark hath set,
Though sorrowing down the vale of life I stray,
With scarce one friend to soothe me, or one ray
Of hope to cheer my weary sojourn—yet
Thee have I not forgot—Thy natal day
My Muse essays in languid strains to sing—
May each revolving Autumn increase bring
To all thy blessings; and, as vapours grey
Foretel a blushing morn, so may the grief,
Which thou may'st now be doom'd to share,
Precede a life of joy—Thy George's care
Thou ne'er shall want—(though trivial the relief
Which he can give, yet, what he has, thou hast—)
To make each passing year more happy than the last.

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Thou ne'er shall want—(though trivial the relief
Which he can give, yet, what he has, thou hast—)
To make each passing year more happy than the last.

LINES

ON BINSTEAD PARSONAGE-HOUSE, IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The motto inscribed over the door is "Contentment is Wealth."

WITHIN this cot, Content and Peace
Their humble dwelling keep;
Sweet Love and Friendship's charms increase,
And warring passions sleep.

Here every worldly care's shut out,
Religion has her home;
As, free alike from fear and doubt,
She lives beyond the tomb.

MARY.

THE VICTIM OF SEDUCTION.

THE rough wind whistles o'er the plain,
The storm descends with floods of rain,
The thunder rolls, the lightnings glare,
And sable clouds obscure the air,

When on the heath a female form
Stood, unprotected from the storm:
Her tatter'd clothes were drench'd with rain,
And deep her bosom throbb'd with pain.

Her looks were sad, her cheeks were pale,
Her matted locks flow'd in the gale;
Her streaming eyes, and scanty dress,
Bespoke her misery and distress.

The piercing hail her bosom beat,
And naked were her trembling feet;
She closer wrapt her ragged cloak,
And thus in broken accents spoke:

"Cast off, insulted, doom'd to rove,
"The victim of ungenerous love,
"Of hope bereft, my prospects drear,
"My broken heart no friend to chear.

"Oh! Henry, could'st thou see me now,
"How would'st thou mourn thy broken vow!
"Repentance sure, would wring thy heart,
"For acting such a faithless part.

"For

" For well thou know'st, that by thy sway
" My simple heart was led astray;
" Twas thou who forc'd me thus to roam,
" And leave my doating parents' home.

" Perhaps, e'en now, with gestures wild,
" They mourn their hapless, guilty child:
" Perhaps—Oh, dreadful, cruel thought!
" I've to the grave my parents brought!

" But see,—the storm drives fast away,
" And soon will shine the morning ray;
" But ne'er shall I that morning see;
" For clos'd in death my eyes will be!"

* * * * *

Beneath yon yew tree's gloomy shade,
Neglected lies the hapless maid;
With none to weep her early doom,
Or deck with flowers her lonely tomb!

Derby,
Nov. 9th, 1803.

T. B—TH—WS

Written previous to parting with a young Lady, who, it was probable, would be united to a Person she disliked.

BY MR. HACKETT.

Yes, my sweet love, by hopes most dear
I swear—and Heav'n my witness be!—
This heart, that wants a friend itself,
Should bleed to purchase peace for thee.

ANON.

I.

SINCE the dire mandate's given to part,
And we must breathe a last adieu,
I'll yet indulge my anguish'd heart
With one transporting look from you!

II.

Yes—I will prize that ardent gaze,
Which those enchanting eyes bestow,
In ev'ry scene of future days,
Or bright with joy, or bleak with woe!

III.

Did Nature rear that beauteous form
To bless a rough, unpolish'd soul,
And grace it with each glowing charm,
To bow beneath such harsh controul?

IV.

Ah! at *his* rude, alarming voice,
That soft, susceptive heart would sigh;
Life would resign its custom'd joys;
And tears bedim each sparkling eye!

V.

Can I, with patience, bear the day
That yields my love to other arms?
No!—may the lightning's blasting ray
Destroy the wretch that clasps those charms!

VI.

Oh! never shall that angel-face
On his detested pillow rest;
Nor, by the moon-beams, shall he trace
Your lily neck, and panting breast!

VII.

Oh! never shall he mark you lie
In sweetest slumber's calm repose,
And kiss the lid that veils your eye,
Or view its trembling light unclose!

VIII.

By Heav'ns! he *dare* not press your cheek,
And call my beauteous girl his own;
Or in enraptur'd accents speak,
And use each mild, persuasive tone!

IX.

For mercy dwells in yonder sky,
And He, who rules the spheres, is just:
That God would bid the ruffian die,
And hurl him to his former dust!

Temple.

THE

*THE FIRE-BALL.**

ALL glory be to God on high!
Who bids the winged lightning play,
And round the vast horizon fly
With lustre stronger than the day.

His mighty hand directs the storm,
Or makes the raging winds to cease,
Preserves the feeble head from harm,
And sets the beating heart at peace.

Terrific to the human eye,
Of late appear'd a fiery ball,
Whirling along the turbid sky,
Portending mischief in its fall.

But praised be Jehovah's name!
Harmless across our roof it flew,
And, awful tho' appear'd the flame,
Bade us rejoice, and tremble too.

J. N. N—H.

THE FIRST LESSON

OF A FATHER TO HIS SON AT A YEAR OLD.

[FROM SYR REGINALDE]

BOY, love thy mother!—she with tearful eye
Tends the slow progress of thy op'ning mind;
Removes the cause of every infant sigh,
And by her practice lures thee to be kind.

Boy, love thy mother!—calm her beating heart,
That throbs, affectionate, with care for thee;
Compose her anxious breast with playful art,
Press her soft lips, and prattle at her knee.

Boy, love thy mother!—Let thy lisping tongue,
In broken accents, charm her wond'ring ear,
And, when again upon her bosom hung,
Say, Oh, Mamma! I love, I love you dear.
Boy, love thy mother!—the reflected rays
Will beam new lustre o'er thy Father's days.

* This event happened on Sunday, Nov. 13th, 1803, at half past eight, P. M.

LINES FOR NEW-YEAR's DAY.

I SAT down resolv'd to present to the world,
A fine Ode upon New-Year's Day;
But my thoughts, one and all, in confusion were hurl'd,
And nothing, alas! could I say.

"What a dull barren brain!" I exclaim'd, in a pet:
"Sure a subject like this would inspire
"The veriest fool, e'er so scanty of wit,
"With some sparks of poetical fire.

But I can't write an Ode; so contented must be
With something more humble—that's clear—
I'll trip round the world, and greet all that I see,
With, "I wish you a happy new year!"

And first, at New Holland my steps I'll arrest,
A land that's so healthy and clear,
And all that are there, whether free, or distress'd,
I will wish them, "A happy new year!"

Here methinks some exclaim—tho' I do not know who—
"It certainly can't be quite right,
"To class felons and robbers, and such a vile crew,
"With people who're good and polite!"

Nay—pray don't be angry—I meant not t' offend—
Consider their suff'rings, I pray;
How the stings of remorse must their consciences rend,
And drive all enjoyment away.

In slav'ry, sure pleasure can never be known—
Then give to their mis'ry, a tear—
And, relenting, exclaim, in compassion's soft tone,
"May they, too, have a happy new year!"

Next to Afric's sad children my wishes are due;
But 'tis to insult the opprest,
To wish pleasure to those who sweet pleasure ne'er knew,
With whom Happiness ne'er was a guest.

"Will you mock at their woes, then, by wishing them joy?
(Says soft Pity, while dropping a tear—)
"For whilst gain and whilst av'rice their rulers employ,
"How can *they* have a happy new year?"

Now in Europe arriv'd, the same wish I repeat
To the bustling crowds that I see—
But they're all so engag'd that I happen to meet,
They can pay no attention to me.

Shall

Shall I pass over France?—"No"—says Charity mild—
"If her sons to old England don't steer—
"But will stay at home quietly—then"—and she smil'd,
"You may wish *them* a happy new year!"

And now cross'd the Channel—on Britain I stand!
The return to its shores it is said,
Makes the heart of each Briton with rapture expand—
And why not of each *British Maid?*

For Britain my wishes more warmly arise—
For Britain to me is most dear.
Oh! (whoe'er to disturb our tranquillity tries)
Give us, Heaven, a happy new year!

ISABELLA.

SONNET.

REVIEW, my soul, review the past,
The summer scenes of youthful joy,
The recreative days which fast
Revolv'd with sweets that ne'er could cloy.

What pleasure reign'd without a sting!
What could bestow such lasting gain!
From whence could new-born blessings spring,
Unblended with an earthly pain?

Was't Learning steep'd the mind profound?
Or high-climb'd hills that charm'd the sense?
Where careless bow'rs with woodbine crown'd,
Unsought each eve would rest dispense?

Was it with oaten pipe, that play'd
To rural life the echoing lay,
Where bleaters cloath'd the verdant glade,
Whose bounds were mark'd by faithful Tray?

No! it was when mild dew-drops bent
Th' enfeebled heads of streaky flow'rs,
When bloom, expanding, threw its scent,
To mingle with ethereal show'rs.

At which blest hours how oft I've stray'd!
How oft did Edward guide the way!
How oft did envious time invade,
Soft stealing, close the blissful day!

I thought, Love could not more entwine
Our hearts, nor honor more have vow'd;
But now those hopes, that once were mine,
Are crush'd by him who them bestow'd.

Nov. 5th, 1803. ANN MARIA B——.

TO A LADY,

With a Broach, in the form of a Lyre.

EACH youth, before he leaves his friends,
The battle's bray to prove,
Some tributary token sends,
Of Friendship, or of Love.

A broach the falchion's form that bears
The love-sick soldier leaves;
The sailor's lass an anchor wears,
While he the battle braves.

But I no martial symbol send
To wake the woeful sigh.—
The gifts of Love should never lend
A pang to memory.

Then, on thy beauteous bosom bear
This little lyre for me;
And let no sad suggestions tear
That seat of harmony.

For I, where'er I chance to roam,
Shall ever fearless fight;
The thought that thou art safe at home
Puts ev'ry fear to flight.

Let mem'ry, from this lyre I send,
A cheering flame derive:
And Hope (the lover's constant friend)
Preserve that flame alive.

Yet, grieve not, should I fall, my love,
Nor feel a moment's pain;
For, trust me, there's a hand above
Shall string my lyre again.

Ch: Ch: Oxford, JACK.
December 10th, 1803.

Correspondence, &c.

Lines on the Death of a young Lady who was dumb, *are too ludicrous for the subject.*

Edward's Sonnet *is much inferior to one received before.*

The Stratford Correspondent *has our thanks for her hint, which shall, in future, be attended to.*

The ineffable Miss WING, *amidst such a constellation of excellencies, does not possess the power of conveying to her enamoured Poet, the* "strong pinion" *on which he can ever rise to touch the stars.*

Edwin *will see his proposal is acceded to.*

The Caledonian Romance *will be begun in the next Number.*

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Scotchell del. Mackenzie sc.

Duchess of Bedford.

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